



**SAYS  
THE EDITOR**

**WE SAW THIS ON  
OCEAN AVENUE**

At 7:45 o'clock the other morning we saw Michael L. Balazs of Roy Welch's Quality Market sweeping the trash from the sidewalk in front of that place of business, assembling it in the gutter, gathering it up, putting it in a container and carrying it all to the rear of the store for deposit in a refuse barrel. On our query he told us that he does that every morning. You can make just exactly what you want to of this.

**WE REPLY TO THIS  
FLINCHY PERSON**

My Dear Abigail:

Ignoring your tactless and devastating remarks about the treatment accorded our checks by Jack Abernethy's house o' coin, we hasten, through the spirit of brotherly (and sisterly) love, to answer your question about a man who told you his name was Bob Smith. We recognize these tactics. This fellow always says his name is Bob Smith. The pity of it is that he tells the truth and in that truth is a menace we must raise before your chaste, New England, guileless stare. Have nothing to do with him. We can say no more; give you no details. But we can give you an idea: Walk the length of Ocean avenue and count the number of women with sorrow, sadness and despair in their eyes; look into those mirrors of crumpled hearts—and shun that man as you would a bright bumble bee. —W. K. B.

**HARRISON GODWIN DID  
HIMSELF PROUD**

We have some roses to toss up and request that Harrison Godwin run under them. We think he did a swell job of conducting himself at the Pine Inn liquor license hearing in the council chambers Wednesday afternoon. We don't know whether some wise friend counseled him in his course or it was his own idea, but it was highly commendatory.

Godwin could have retained an attorney and let said legal aid tie all the opposing witnesses up in knots and, in that tricky way attorneys have, cloud the issue and clutter the record. But Godwin represented himself, speaking only in answer to questions asked him and indicating admirably that if another Carmel liquor license is safe in anybody's hands it would be safe in his.

That such a license is not wanted in Carmel was argued by City Attorney William L. Hudson as representing the city council which protests its issuance, and three other witnesses for the public. Godwin's only open support came from Jon Konigshofer in the lobby.

It just so happens that a big majority of the people of Carmel, THE CYMBAL believes, do not want any more liquor licenses here. And THE CYMBAL knows that such an attitude implies no criticism of Harrison Godwin as a man and as a citizen of the community.

**THE CYMBAL STILL STANDS  
LIKE A COUPLE OF  
GIBBALTARS**

During all this recent newspaper mulligan in Carmel there have been reports circulated (some of them, we are sorry to say, with malicious intent) that the CARMEL CYMBAL is dying, or

(Continued on Page Two)

# CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 14 • No. 6

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • FEBRUARY 7, 1941

FIVE CENTS

## CARMEL STATES ITS POSITION ON LIQUOR AT PINE INN

Carmel stated its case Wednesday afternoon in opposition to the granting of a liquor license by the State Board of Equalization to Harrison Godwin, owner of Pine Inn.

At a public hearing in the city council chambers, attended by members of the council, a referee and two officers of the board of equalization and Carmel citizens, City Attorney William L. Hudson stated the position of the council, to-wit: that the council believes Carmel has now too many liquor licenses and does not want another one.

The hearing was opened by E. A. McDonald, referee, who stated the position of the state board to the effect that its jurisdiction is limited in the matter of liquor license applications. He said that the board could and had decided that it would grant no further licenses in the state, but that within a county existing licenses could be transferred. (Godwin is applying for use of the license he has obtained from the American Legion post of Monterey.) McDonald said that the board could not deny the transfer of such a license merely on the opposition of a community to more licenses.

He put J. E. O'Brien, license enforcement officer of this district, on the stand and O'Brien declared that he had inspected the premises for which the license is desired and that he had checked on the reputation of Godwin and found it good.

McDonald had previously stated that Godwin had informed the board that he did not intend to have a tap room, but only a service bar in the kitchen of the hotel from which liquor would be served in the dining room and to the apartments of hotel guests. When called to the witness stand Godwin reiterated these intentions.

Chief of Police Roy Frates  
(Continued on Page Eleven)

## It Looks Like 'White Cedars' For Our City Hall Location

### Project Is Soon To Start on Sanddunes

Plans are on foot—don't ask us for details; we haven't interviewed the lady—for a big project of homes on the sanddune property owned by Elizabeth McClung White at the foot of Fourth street. Miss White has long owned this property which she bought when—well, when the city was looking out the window back in 1927.

It's quite a long story and, according to some, a sad one. These some say that if the city councils along around the period between 1921, when the sanddune bond issue acquired most of the dunes for the city, and 1927, when Elizabeth McClung White picked up the one and seven-tenth acres, had had sufficient wisdom and a bit more nerve and less parsimony, the whole stretch of dunes north of Ocean avenue would be in municipal hands today.

Anyway, Miss White offered the Pacific Coast Glass Company a few dollars more than the city was willing to pay and there you are—there is a subdivision there within a few moons and the White Realty Company is projecting it.

When we started this story we thought we'd sweeten the blow of breaking this story a bit ahead of Miss White's announcement by saying something nice about her recently-reconstructed office on Ocean avenue. But, after looking at it a few times this week and debating with ourselves, we find we can't. We don't like it nearly as much as we did the old place. That was something. It and the old Bank of Carmel building looked good side by side. Both of them have now been spoiled.

## COUNCIL VIRTUALLY DECIDES TO BUY THE EIGHT LOTS ON NINTH STREET ON A LEASE- RENTAL PLAN ANNUALLY

There is every possibility—it borders now on the probable—that when in the somewhat nebulous future Carmel has a city hall of its own it will be located on the present site of "White Cedars," the eight lots which include the entire block length from Lincoln to Dolores street on Ninth.

At Wednesday's meeting of the city council the members agreed that action must be taken forthwith if any desirable or available site for a municipal building is obtained at all. The matter was brought up by Councilman Herbert Heron who declared that the city had been offered the "White Cedars" property at a figure much lower than the eight lots are worth. He said he was not at liberty to make these figures public at this time, but he obtained from Peter Mawdsley, city auditor, corroboration of his opinion of the low price asked by Margaret Kilpatrick of Carmel Highlands, the owner.

## High School Bond Election Is Set For March 20

Voters of the Carmel School District will go to the polls Thursday, March 20, to decide whether or not the district will bond itself further in the sum of \$150,000 to complete the Carmel High School plant at the crest of the Ocean avenue hill.

The board of trustees of the district decided on this date at a meeting yesterday. It had the week previous decided on the sum of \$150,000 as necessary for the completion of the plant to the extent of giving the more than 250 students now enrolled a complete high school course. The \$150,000 will build shops, a gymnasium, cafeteria, music room, two classrooms, the necessary corridors, tennis courts and the necessary additional funds to build an underpass under the state highway.

Peter Mawdsley, chairman of the campaign fact-finding committee, has issued a statement in which he shows that with the voting of the \$150,000 the district will not reach the original estimate of 20 cents on the tax rate, fixed at the time when the proposal to withdraw from Monterey and establish a district of our own was first advanced.

"Moreover," Mawdsley says, "We know that we are operating the high school on a special tax rate lower than we paid at Monterey and well below the estimate of 28 cents which was given out at the time of the campaign for withdrawal from Monterey. For two years now the special rate has been only 26 cents for operating expenses."

## Walt Pilot Buys Flower Shop; Beverly Tait Will Operate It

Walt Pilot has bought Beverly's House of Flowers.

The shop was owned by Edith Greenan and was closed last Saturday.

But Walt wants it open. He likes flowers and he likes having Beverly Tait sell them next door to his establishment of waffles and bacon on toast and good coffee. So he's bought the place, lease and all, and, of course, he's putting Beverly back in there to run it. That's nice all around.

To vote at the High School bond election March 20 be sure you are registered.

## Sylvia Lent, Great American Violinist, At Auditorium Tomorrow Night

The New York Times paid Sylvia Lent one of the finest tributes a touring artist can receive. The critic wrote, "It was a long program, but one went away wanting more." The review reads in part, "The program bore the impress of taste and originality; the soloist's playing showed that she understood her obligation to fine music and could discharge it. Her tone is warm, and her manner of playing without ostentation."

Miss Lent's playing is distinguished for its profound but lyric eloquence. The Carmel Music Society is to be congratulated that it has engaged this great American artist for its second concert of the Winter Series in Sunset School Auditorium tomorrow evening.

Elizabeth Alexander, well known in Carmel through her association with Noel Sullivan as his accompanist, will be at the piano, and with her sure artistry will accompany Sylvia Lent in the *Concerto in A minor*,

Mozart; *Sonata in D minor*, Brahms; *Maid and the Nightingale*, Granados; *Pantomime*, De Falla; *Fire Dance*, De Falla; *Fountain of Arethusa*, Szymanowski; *Polonaise in A major*, Wieniawski.

## KRAEUTER TRIO APPEARS IN RECITAL THURSDAY

Third in the Community Concert Series and last of the concerts to be given in Pacific Grove this year is the recital to be given next Thursday evening at 8:15 o'clock at the Pacific Grove high school auditorium when the Kraeuter Trio will present a program of solo and trio numbers. The trio consists of Karl Kraeuter, violinist; Phyllis Kraeuter, cellist, and Willard MacGregor, pianist.

The remaining two concerts in the series will be held in Salinas. Attendance is by membership card only. Membership drive for 1941-42 will begin in April immediately following the Nini Matini concert.

## A CITY HALL OF FAME

A hall of fame for Carmel was suggested in a letter from Paul Whitman, Carmel artist, who informed the council that students of the Carmel Art Institute had recently completed paintings from life of John Catlin, former mayor.

He said that the portrait which a committee of artists had decided was the best of the number finished, could be bought for \$75, and that annual competitions among the art students in painting such prominent Carmel citizens and municipal servants

(Continued on Page Eleven)

## Dr. Evelyn Ott To Talk To Parent-Teachers

Dr. Evelyn Reynolds Ott, eminent psychiatrist now living in Carmel, will be the February speaker for the Carmel Parent-Teachers Association at Sunset School library next Tuesday, Feb. 11, at 3 o'clock. Her subject will be "Bringing up Children and Living with Them."

Dr. Ott is a graduate of the University of California Medical School, did post graduate work in psychiatry for two years under Adolph Meyer of the Phipps Psychiatric Clinic at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, and had two more years under the world famous psychiatrist, Jung, of Zurich. She practiced in Berkeley for four years before coming to Carmel and is a well known speaker on problems relating to the upbringing of children.

Tea will be served following the program and, as is the custom, arrangements have been made for the care of small children in the kindergarten school.



is dead, or lies sick unto death. Such reports are utter bosh. The CARMEL CYMBAL, forever during its existence under one and the same ownership and control, stands today as Carmel's leading newspaper—tops in reader interest, tops in circulation and tops in legitimate, sensible advertising.

THE CYMBAL's total net paid circulation for the six months ending December 31, 1940, was 29,229 copies, or an average net paid circulation of 1,124 per week. These are figures taken from records which have been meticulously kept and are open to anyone who wishes to see and check them. No other Carmel newspaper ever approached them.

Its paid display advertising volume during the year 1940 exceeded that of Carmel's second newspaper, marking the first year in the history of Carmel newspapers that the *Pine Cone* has been beaten in advertising volume.

Merrily along rolls THE CYMBAL.

#### THE YOUNG COMMUNIST IN FRONT OF THE POST OFFICE

For a while this last Tuesday a young man, almost a youth, stood in front of the post office passing out circulars which were headed "DEFEAT THE WAR-POWERS BILL" with the sub-head: "Get Out and Stay Out of the War."

It was an attack on the so-called lend-lease bill sponsored by the Roosevelt administration. It was signed "National Committee, Communist Party, U.S.A." and again: "Issued by the California State Committee, Communist Party."

Many persons who were handed the circulars deeply resented the nature and temper of the text and they particularly objected to the fact that it was being circulated by the Communist Party. One pedestrian asked the young man what he was getting for doing his job. He replied that he was not being paid; that it was voluntary work. We believe what he said. We know Communists. They work for their party for nothing. They consider themselves martyrs to a cause and they are ready and willing and, in fact, delighted to suffer all the prescribed penalties of martyrdom. If some ardent patriot had reached out and clipped the young man on the chin, it would have been swell—for him and the Communist Party. The publicity given such an incident would have created two or three more Communists. It would not have lost the party a member.

And, aside from the few paragraphs devoted to praise of Soviet Russia's policy in the present world conflict, the pamphlet contained nothing more startling or antagonizing than the daily declamations of United States Senator Burton K. Wheeler.

—W.K.B.

#### EARL GRAFT IS MAKING HIS CARMEL DAIRY BIGGER AND BETTER

You ought to see what Earl Graft is doing. It's sort of a Caesarian section on the Carmel Dairy and something of importance is coming out of it. He's taken over the second floor of the building and is moving his safe, his accounts and his book-keeper up there—right out in front overlooking Ocean avenue. Then he's digging out a lot of concrete walls and building a new kitchen in the rear of the present dairy space on the ground floor and is making what he calls a love nest of the present kitchen. That'll let a few more people, romantic and otherwise, into the place—he hopes.

You can register at Stanifords or Thorburns.

#### Howard Smith Portraits Are Notable Canvasses

Howard Smith, well-known portrait painter, who is making Carmel his permanent home this time (he and his family were here two years ago for two years) has just completed two portraits. They were commissioned by Mrs. Marshall Fisher of Palo Alto and are of her two children, Peter and Margaret Hitchcock. Peter is 14 years old and a pupil at the Cate School. Margaret is 16 and attends Castilleja School for Girls in Palo Alto. The boy's portrait is not only notable because Smith has caught so beautifully that nebulous quality hovering between boyhood and approaching manhood, but because it is an interesting historical document. The chair he is sitting on is one of the original models of the famous Hitchcock chair made by one of his ancestors in New York State.

Smith's portrait of Mrs. Fisher (who was Mrs. Hitchcock at that time) was shown in Carmel three years ago. She is the daughter of Mrs. Margaret Chamberlain of Carmel.

#### Democratic Women To Meet Today

The Monterey Peninsula Women's Democratic Club will meet today, Feb. 7, at the home of Mrs. Ernest Leffingwell, southeast corner of Camino Real and Seventh at 2 p.m. Important measures before the state legislature will be discussed.

It is important that a full membership should attend this meeting as, for the time being, the club is holding meetings only once every two months.

#### LA COLLECTA MEMBERS HEAR TRAVEL TALKS

Mrs. George Ricketson was the hostess to 14 members of La Collecta Club last Wednesday and Mrs. Lawrence Melrose presided over the program which consisted of articles read by four members. Mrs. Melrose described the home of Gene Stratton Porter in Elkhart, Ind., which consists of 120 acres known as "The Limberlost Cabin and the Wildflower Woods." It is now open to the public.

Mrs. John Janzen gave a talk on Minnesota. Mrs. D. E. Nixon read an article on home economics, and Mrs. Clara Louise Beller told of her son's personal experience on his week's fishing trip from Gloucester to George's Banks. Alvin was aboard a Gloucester fisherman, and it was on this trip that he took some of his most spectacular movies in color.

Mrs. Howard Timbers will be the hostess at the next meeting, February 19, and Mrs. Genevieve Nichols will arrange a musical program. A white elephant exchange will also be held.

#### D. A. BAUGHMAN NEW W. U. MANAGER HERE

D. A. Baughman is the new manager of the Western Union office in Carmel. He took over a week ago, succeeding Darrell Huffman who was in charge here for six years. Huffman has been promoted to the San Rafael office. Baughman came here from Colusa.

#### Emma Evans' Pupils Give Piano Recital

Mrs. Emma Evans had more than 100 guests at her Carmel Woods home last Wednesday who attended the recital given by 30 of her piano pupils, a composite group of piano players ranging from her beginners to her highly advanced students. Mrs. Evans has been having two recitals each month since the first of the year, but they usually are not of such large proportions as this one. She will have eight recitals during March and April, each one featuring four of her pupils and then in June she will have another large one.

At the recital the other night those who participated in the program were: Carol Anne Smith, Joan Trudeau, Margot McMahon, Kathleen McAnley, Lyman Anikeyev, Elizabeth Croad, Claire Warner, Dianne Lewis, Joan Thorne, Jeannie Williamson, Tatiana Szyn, Jimmy Hare, Doris Lewis, Ruth Townsend, Mary Jane Reel, Shirley Slipner, Virginia Shepard, Patsy Shepard, Mary Jean Elliot, Dick Rohr, Judy McMahon, Carol Canoles, Francis Gilmore, Louis Rudolph, Carol Ann Smith, Dorothy Mack, Patsy Lovell, Rovelie Ferguson, Dorothy Hoyt.

After the recital refreshments were served by Mrs. Raymond Rudolph, Joan Trudeau, Doris Evans and Hugh Evans.

#### PUPILS LEARN HOW OUR POST OFFICE IS RUN

Once every year a class of pupils from Sunset School is permitted to enter the sacred precincts of the Carmel post office and find out what makes it go and how. This year it was the fifth grade class of Miss Jeanne Staffelsbach. Postmaster Ernest Bixler told all the little hopefuls all about everything or as much as he had learned in the few months he's been the headman around there. Fred Mylar, his assistant, who has been functioning in the place for several years, stood within earshot to correct any errors or omissions. (Mylar later told us confidentially that there were a few, but weren't important. Mylar's a Republican and naturally prejudiced.)

#### LIAL'S STUDIO RECORD EVENING IN MONTEREY MONDAY EVENING

There will be another record evening at Lial's Studio in Monterey next Monday evening at 8 o'clock. This time the new recording of the Brahms' Fourth will be played. It is by Koussevitsky and the Boston Symphony and, as it happens to be Koussevitsky's favorite piece of music, he does a sweller-than-ever job with it.

You have one more day to register—tomorrow, Saturday.

#### CASCARONE BALL

February 25

Tickets on Sale  
\$1 per person

LIAL'S MUSIC SHOP

Denny - Watrous Management Presents  
Troupers of the Gold Coast in

#### "THE GIRL OF GOLDEN GULCH"

with Olio

Directed by Ronald Teifer

Feb. 13, 14, 15, 16—22, 23, 24 at 8:40

FIRST THEATER, Monterey

Tickets \$1.10, 55c at Stanifords

#### Notice the Flowers on Camilla Daniels' Lapel

Camilla Daniels is wearing a little cluster of bright-colored felt flowers on her lapel these days. But these flowers are living now in an atmosphere very different from that in which they were originally created—for it's a far call from the peaceful streets of Carmel, the Robinson law office, and the perhaps not-so-peaceful meetings of the business association of which Camilla is secretary, to the air raid shelters of London where the flowers were made by Mrs. Eva Beamish, a friend of Camilla's who kept her hands busy this way during the long hours spent underground.

Mrs. Beamish visited in Carmel in 1936 and stayed here a year before turning homeward to live in England—doubtless never dreaming that in the coming years her letters would be

telling of bombings and she would be sending flowers made in air raid shelters back to Carmel.

+ + +

You have one more day to register—tomorrow, Saturday.

#### PERMANENTS AT THEIR BEST

The kind of hair you have determines the kind of permanent you are given

AT

The Powder Puff  
Beauty Salon

TELEPHONE 68  
LAS TIENDAS PATIO

If you are looking for—

THE  
RIGHT  
ONE



To Protect Your Insurable Interests

BERNARD ROWNTREE  
INSURANCE SERVICE

CARMEL 777



#### AWFUL FRESH MacFARLANE'S CANDY

3 1-2 Lb. Bag Special \$1.00

Miss Saylor, Johnston's  
MacFarlane's Hearts

5c to \$3.50

Fortier's  
Cut Rate Drugs



## Go Ahead and Pick Your Newspaper Now; You Have a Choice of Three

There has been quite a lot of activity this last week on the inside in newspaper circles.

The *Pine Cone* has been sold again—that is, part of it.

The new and complete owner has subsequently refused to sell it to Richard and Hildreth Masten.

The publisher of THE CYMBAL has refused to sell THE CYMBAL to Richard and Hildreth Masten.

Richard and Hildreth Masten thereupon and suddenly made the decision to publish a paper of their own forthwith, to be printed by the Carmel Press.

And—the *Masten Gazette*, by the time you read this story, has burst upon a sardonic world, its advertisements lifted almost exclusively to the realm of poetry. DIVORCES JOB DEPARTMENT.

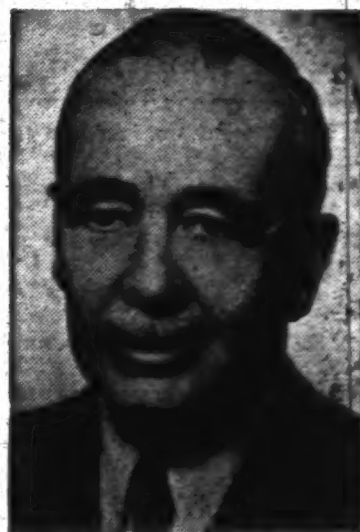
Carlos Drake, who for the last six months has been in editorial control of the *Pine Cone*, last week acquired the interests of James L. Cockburn and Mrs. Perry Newberry, which gave him complete ownership. He then decided to cut the tail off his kite on the assumption that it would fly better and higher less encum-

bered. So he sold the mechanical equipment, or job printing department, to Clifford Cook who, with Walter Cook (no relation) has held sway in the "back-room" for eons. Now the Cooks (Walter has long owned the type-setting machine) will run the printing establishment on their own, printing the *Pine Cone* as, we presume, just another job. AS TO THE MASTENS

The Mastens are, they feel, going to town. At this writing the *Masten Gazette* is still in the womb of the Carmel Press and of it we can say little beyond the aforementioned notation that its ads are principally in the vale of poesy.

Our thought would be that the newspaper corner in Carmel is a bit crowded as of the present, but who are we to imply annoyance at this when we remind ourselves that in 1936 THE CYMBAL shot itself into a space which already had two journals jammed into it? And we are still alive even though existence is contingent on one three-grain thiamin chloride tablet after each meal.

## Senator Tickle Editing History Of County



HAS A BRIGHT IDEA

To catch the passing spirit of the pioneers and the colorful early history of the Monterey county and perpetuate it before it disappears forever behind the dust of military trucks and the smoke of the practice range in the present new era of war preparation, a down-to-date authentic story of Monterey county is now underway with Lucy Neely McLane, Ph.D., of Pacific Grove serving as narrator and historian and Senator Edward H. Tickle of the Carmel Highlands Inn as editor-in-chief.

This history will depict the kaleidoscopic pageant of events from 1602, when the first white man set foot on our shores, to the present day in a record of the county where much of the earliest drama of the West was enacted and will be the first of its kind to deal exclusively with our Monterey county and in keeping with the modern trend in historic compilation will be written chronologically. Dr. McLane, who has long been identified with historical research and formally was a professor at Stanford University, has undertaken the job of relating the industrial, social and agricultural development combined with the family histories and reminiscences in this attempt to pass on the memory of their achievements and to save much valuable and interesting history which would otherwise be forever lost. She hopes to have the unlimited co-operation of those in the county who might be able to supply her with family histories, diaries, letters, newspaper files and clippings, and old photographs which will be necessary to insure the success of the undertaking.

In this single volume, which

will be richly-bound and illustrated with rare old and new time photographs, one will be able to locate, at a glance, important happenings and grasp their significance from year to year. Tickle is convinced that such a book will also make living in this part of California more interesting and pleasant through a knowledge of the historical importance of its various localities.

Dr. D. T. MacDougal is the Carmel representative on the board of advisors which is comprised of civic, professional, business and agricultural leaders in the county.

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You can register at Thoburns or Stanifords.

## D. E. NIXON RESIGNS WATCHMAN JOB

Carmel is without a night watchman. More accurately, the Carmel merchants who have been helpless before the night winds and the rain for three nights now. Nixon has up and quit his job. He has succeeded C. F. Haskell at the Carmel Dairy, spicing and spanning the place early in the morning and making the coffee for Kenneth Foster and THE CYMBAL's editor just about the time the dawn rolls over Paradise Park and down Ocean avenue. Nixon still holds his post office spicing spanning position.

## "Girl of Golden Gulch" Rehearsals Are On Forum Monday Evening

An olio rehearsal last night; play rehearsals tonight, tomorrow night and Sunday afternoon, and "the works" Monday night with a dress rehearsal the following night, should put "The Girl of Golden Gulch" in fine shape, or so thinks Ronald Telfer, who is directing it. "The Girl" opens next Thursday night in California's First Theater, Monterey, and will run through the week-end, and again on February 22, 23 and 24.

Eddie George, because of the inability of Bob Bratt to carry on in this production as "master-of-ceremonies," will step up into this responsible role for the first time since he joined the Troupers of the Gold Coast two years ago. His first appearance was in olio only, when he gave his now famous *Forever* number. Since then he's appeared in every production without a miss, his *Dan* in the "Streets of New York," and his *Snorky* in "Under the Gaslight" is remembered by everyone who saw these old melodramas.

Ronald Telfer, speaking to the cast last Sunday, said he felt that the delightful and unexpected humor in "The Girl of Golden Gulch" would make it one of the prime favorites in Gold Coast Troupe melodrama.

The background of the fateful "Indiana Massacre of '77"; the theft of the deed to the Last Chance mine; the face in the locket (what would melodrama be without a mine and a locket?); and the triple love affairs; *Chip* and *Julian* (Louise Welty and Louis Dubin); the *Judge* and the *Schoolmarm* (Roland Scheffer and Martha Welty); *Bedelia* and *Mulcahy* (Barbara Stitt and Whipple Gregerson) — all this makes proper and irresistible melodrama material done to an elegant turn by the Troupers under Denny-Watrous management.

Rhoda Johnson, Franklin Dixon, Bill France and Lucille Kiesler are all busy on their respective jobs of costumes, sets, lights, props. Just now Lucille would like to know where you get five suitcases exactly alike for "So Long Mary" in the olio.

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Tomorrow is the last day you can get on the voting register, in case you're not there now.

+ + +

CYMBAL WANT ADS go places, see people and do things—to 'em.

## "WHAT HAS ATHEISM TO OFFER?" IS DR. CROWTHER'S TOPIC FOR SUNDAY

Dr. James E. Crowther will present the question "What Has Atheism To Offer?" at the Church of the Wayfarer next Sunday morning. The attitudes and utterances of some modern atheists of the intellectual type will be considered.

Mrs. Marcella Martin, soprano, will be the soloist and will sing *I Will Lay Me Down in Peace*, a composition by Dudley Buck. The organ selections will be three recent compositions of Jewell Brookshier's: *Awakening*; *A Supplication*, and *Vade in Pace*.

The service is at 11 o'clock.

+ + +

## MRS. PERRY NEWBERRY TO LEAVE CARMEL TO CONDUCT AN APIARY

Mrs. Perry Newberry is going bee-ing.

She leaves Carmel within a few days for Trinity county where a friend of hers has an apiary of several acres. Mrs. Newberry, who has done some of this sort of thing in the past, is going to operate the establishment in the protracted absence of the owner. She doesn't know when she'll be back here. She likes bees.

# 9c SALE

ENDS TODAY

EVERYTHING HAS BEEN WIPED OUT BUT THESE!

GLASS FRUIT BOWLS, AVERAGE 9 INCHES. THREE STYLES 9c.

ALUMINUM SAUCE AND PUDDING PANS IN 1 QT. SIZE 9c.

MEN'S WORK GLOVES OF 9-OZ. CANTON FLANNEL 9c.

PULL CHAIN SOCKETS OF BRASS THREADED FOR SHADES 9c.

BIG SALT AND PEPPER SHAKER AND LARGE BOWL SET 9c.

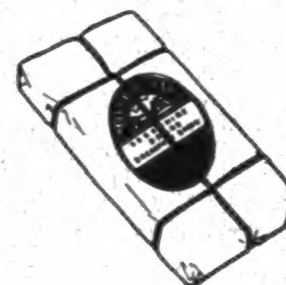
HALF-SOLES, MEN'S RUBBER SOLES. ALL SIZES IN LEATHER 9c.

STAMPED PIECES TO EMBROIDER, TEA TOWELS, APRONS, etc. 9c.

SCREW DRIVERS AND FILES, BOTH IN A VARIETY OF SIZES 9c.

VILLAGE FIVE & TEN

## Feature Item



Now 45c lb.

The best known brand of Eastern Bacon has come West and can be had at Nielsen's meat department at the price of ordinary bacon. Miller and Heart's Berkshire Brand is genuinely Eastern, packed only in Chicago. It is mild, sugar-cured and the very most delicious in flavor.

POULTRY—Fancy fed for flavor. Colored fryers, colored roasters, colored hens, colored broilers 35c lb.

HAM—For baking. Tender mild cure. Butt end average 4½ to 5½ lbs. 34c lb.

LEG OF LAMB—Mellowed, well aged 34c lb.

SIRLOIN STEAK—To fry, broil or barbecue 38c lb.

STEER BEEF — Eastern grain fed, mellow, well aged, your guarantee for mild tender meat.

FRESH SEA FOOD at all times.

Nielsen Bros.

Dolores Street — Telephone 57



# CARMEL CYMBAL

ESTABLISHED MAY 11, 1928  
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY  
THE CARMEL CYMBAL, INC., AT  
CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, ON DO-  
LORES STREET, NEAR EIGHTH.  
P.O. BOX 1650. TEL. 1-100

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2 A YEAR  
BY MAIL. FOREIGN, \$3

ENTERED AS 2ND-CLASS MATTER  
AT THE P.O. AT CARMEL, CAL-  
IFORNIA, UNDER THE ACT OF  
CONGRESS, MARCH 3, 1879

W. K. BASSETT, EDITOR

THE CYMBAL IS ON SALE AT  
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NEWSSTAND, MONTEREY, AND  
THE GROVE PHARMACY, PACIFIC  
GROVE.

## Carmel Tides

	LOW	HIGH		
7	0:12a 2.5	6:33a 4.8		
	1:42p 0.2	8:36p 3.6		
8	1:05a 2.4	7:21a 4.9		
	2:22p -0.1	9:16p 3.9		
9	1:54a 2.3	8:05a 5.1		
	3:00 -0.4	9:52p 4.0		
10	2:40a 2.1	8:47a 5.2		
	3:38p -0.5	10:27p 4.3		
11	3:26a 1.9	9:31a 5.3		
	4:14p -0.6	11:02p 4.5		
12	4:12a 1.6	10:18a 5.3		
	4:43p -0.5	11:37p 4.7		
13	5:00a 1.3	11:06a 5.1		
	5:32p -0.3			
	HIGH	LOW		
14	10:14a 4.8	5:52a 1.2		
	11:58a 4.9	6:13p 0.1		

## Lorita Baker Valley To Lecture at Del Monte Next Friday

Lorita Baker Valley lectures again a week from today, Friday, Feb. 14, at Hotel Del Monte's auditorium. Time: 3 o'clock, but this time Mrs. Valley will not remain afterwards for tea in the lounge as she is going on to the H. W. Toulmin house for tea.

Mrs. Valley's lecture will probably be on the Defense Program and the two schools of thought which are uppermost in the minds of the public today in regard to the foreign policy of the United States. She also wants to review one of the few New York stage successes of this season, "George Washington Slept Here."

## Cascarone Ball Feb. 25 In Ball Room

Plans for the 1941 Cascarone Ball, to be held at the Ball Room at Hotel Del Monte Tuesday evening, Feb. 25, are being completed this week and things all point to a bigger and better one. This year there will be a great many more costumes worn and both Mahar's and the Andrews Shop in Monterey are taking orders for them, acting as agents for the customers. The costumes may be rented.

Four prizes will be awarded for the best costumes, two for the men; two for the women. They may be seen in the windows of the shops aforementioned. Awards will be made on the stroke of midnight.

The program, as now arranged, will offer special dances by a group from the Cascarone dancing class, and songs by the newly formed Peninsula Male Chorus of 40 voices. Cascarones will be on sale in the Ball Room.

Kim Moore is slated for the draft and expects to receive a little white card any day now. The next group goes up February 16 and when he was before the draft board they told him that there would be more than five days advance notice. In fact, it's rumored around in army circles that he's already been called, but that's not yet official. They still have to notify Kim.

## Epigram

A bee is but a little thing.  
And yet its stature, I surmise,  
Is in its sting and not its size.  
—EDITH FRISBEE

## Dan McCarthy Is Putting Graphic Culture Into His Restaurant

Six colorful and interesting watercolors by Sam Colburn and a tremendously gay canvas by Wolo of Mexican life with groups of siesta-takers, sombreros, children and animals among banana leaves and palm trees in front of an old mission—all of these may be enjoyed by diners at Dan's Restaurant while they tuck away their meals. Dan feels that in a town like Carmel there is so much artistic talent that it should be brought before the public eye as much as possible, so he wants to continue to keep his walls covered by the works of local paint brush wielders.

Colburn's work, which is in the front part of the restaurant, is well assorted with plenty of variety—a nice Castroville barn guarded by the bleak and wind-racked leafless trees of winter, the stolid figures of two seated Mexicans, a view of the peaceful Carmel valley with the low rolling hills done in the green of Spring, a striking head and shoulders of a defiant, black-haired woman; a Mexican market scene with a brilliant pattern of produce and vendors; and a delightful old Joad-like jalopy settled down with resignation upon its metallic haunches, symbolizing the weariness and finality of its age.

## ALTON WALKER SELLS BIG BOEING PLANE

Monterey Peninsula residents saw the last of the huge 26-passenger Boeing 80-A trimotor bi-plane which has been barnstorming throughout California and the western states since a year ago last September when Alton Walker bought it from United Air Lines. It has carried thousands of sightseers without an accident.

Alton sold the plane to Charles Babb, international airplane broker of New York, this week as a result of a telephone call to New York by its owner. Destination of the plane under Babb's ownership was not divulged by the buyer, but it is understood to be out of the United States. It will be flown to Los Angeles this week for delivery.

## RACHEL MORTON'S RECITAL DATE FEBRUARY 24

The date has finally been set for Rachel Morton's recital which Kit Whitman is managing. Monday evening, Feb. 24, it is, and at the Playhouse.

This will be Miss Morton's first recital in Carmel. Her rich soprano voice has been heard in various homes around the Peninsula, at Douglas School and at the British War Relief benefit, and a real demand to her in concert has been manifested. Jaffrey Harris will be her accompanist.

## DOG DAYS --- AND NIGHTS



By JESSIE JOAN BROWN

(Look what we found in the mail!)

"In a town, by the sea called Carmel  
Whose beauties no place can excel,  
In a paper that's known as the CYMBAL,  
'Midst writings exceedingly nimble,  
There's a most spectacular column  
Whose tone surely never is solemn  
This column's the talk of the town,  
Gives no one a chance for a frown,  
Brings the paper its greatest renown  
'Tis a column on Dogs by Miss Brown."

—ANONYMOUS

Whoever said "Good things come in small packages," must have had Frieda and Miezi Bergschicker in mind, for it fits them perfectly. The petite pair are toy Doberman Pinschers belonging to Mrs. Fanny Bergschicker of Blanco, and are frequent visitors here.

Frieda is the larger of the two, (she weighs 3½ pounds) and has traveled all over the United States. She is charmingly blasé. Miezi is all wide-eyed innocence, with a what-a-beautiful-world expression that is entrancing. Both have shining black coats and trim figures and charming manners. Wherever they go they are surrounded by a crowd of admirers. Frieda and Miezi certainly are an attractive pair of "small packages."

Otto Durein is proud as a peacock these days because two of his good-looking sons, Frederick and Ciro, now living in San Francisco, carried off a goodly share of honors at the Golden Gate Kennel Club show the other day. The boys won against keen competition, too, for 85 dachshunds attended the show.

Otto, who belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Ted Durein, now tells his youngest son, Olaf, that if he will eat his spinach and be a good boy, maybe some day he will grow up to win ribbons at dog shows like his brothers. But Olaf says that if he has to eat spinach, he would rather grow up to be like Pop-eye the Sailor-man!

Pal wants to thank all of his friends (especially Bruce Monahan) who came to his aid and contributed their dimes and nickels to buy his license and save him from a trip to the Pound. Pal is now the proud and happy possessor of a bright and shining license tag bearing the number "283."

Bruce Monahan went around the village and collected a dime here and a nickel there from Pal's friends until there was enough to buy the tag.

Pal says that people are always talking about how Carmel

has changed — but the spirit hasn't changed, not the friendly, warm-hearted spirit of the Carmel that was always ready to help a fellow who needed it. There's still a lot of that wonderful spirit left, says Pal—and he should know!

## Mary Cameron Lecture Recital at Monterey

What appears to our jaundiced eye as one of the most interesting music programs offered for some time is the lecture-recital that Mary Cameron, nationally known pianist, will give for the Monterey Forum at Colton Hall Monday evening, Feb. 10, at 8 o'clock. It is being sponsored by the Musical Art Club but, being a Forum affair, is open to the public without any charge whatsoever.

Miss Cameron, who has studied with Grainger, Leschetizky and Lhevinne and is known from Oregon to Florida for her piano music, has chosen "Humor in Music" for her theme, and to illustrate it has collected an exceedingly rare group of compositions. Listen to this: David and Goliath by Kuhnau; Capriccio on the Departure of a Dearly Beloved Brother by Bach; The Hen of Rameau; and one of the rarely heard and delightfully humorous "Instructions" of Mozart: How to compose waltzes, as many as you wish, by means of two dice, without the least knowledge of music or composition. Then comes Eric Satie's On a Helmet; The Cat and the Mouse by Copeland; Wursteltrater by Tetyrek; Amiable Conversation by Cowell; and, to top it all off, one of the Ballantine Grande Etude de Concert, or, Mary Had a Little Lamb in the Manner of Liszt, this using two hands, two elbows, two shoulders and the hair!

This, unless we're much less astute than we believe ourselves to be, is one of those evenings you'd be a fool to miss.

Tomorrow is the last day you can get on the voting register, in case you're not there now.

Be sure you are registered so you can vote at the High School bond election March 20. Tomorrow is the last day to register.



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10:55	11:20
12:05 P.M.	12:25 P.M.
12:50	1:30
2:00	2:30
2:45	3:20
4:00	4:30
5:05	5:30
6:05	6:55
7:20	7:40
8:40	9:30
10:45 P.M.	11:00 P.M.

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# Clanging Cymbals



So, I am daggered with too much remembering. The swift and merry poniard strikes in and I articulate inchoately from its red red inks.

I write of a girl of seven, her fists clenched hard against her cheeks, screaming. She is standing spraddle-legged in cow manure, face up to a plunging horse. I see a whip falling, falling in what seem to be red lines against a black sky, and the rusty-black flanks of the animal and a welt rising on his trembling withers, and he not giving in. I feel the dig of fingernails in flesh and the mellen anger in the throat, burning, and the love of the horse forging in this heat. I know, even now, the stink of that mud against my face, the flagellation of one sharp stone, as I fell under the hooves in protest at what was being done. And the horse not giving in. When I was picked up, and shaken well by the man, for he was afraid enough of my father, I could see the burning eyes of the horse, like my own, and that he was as disdainful of one of us as the other. He would obey now, but not forget.

Jess, John's owner, was working for us as hired man, and just in the midst of manure season he up and decamped one night, taking Mother's finest log-cabin quilt and all the money she had saved in the cracker jar for the next baby. John, he left behind; he was old and crochety.

Marion and I sat on the barnyard fence and contemplated John as a member of the family. We had never been allowed to handle John because he was mean, and we had never known personally anyone who was mean. That excited us. A brand new quality in a person is far the most exciting thing in this world to a child. He tries it out like a toy, only it is much harder to manipulate. Well, if John was mean and a Sargent, we'd soon find out.

John stood over against the opposite wall in an attitude we came to know of him well indeed; his shaggy head hanging, his eyes shut tight, one hind leg unlocked, looking the misguided old plug Jess always said he was. We crept off the wall, quarters of apple we'd brought along clutched in our hot palms. Hand in hand we edged his way, saying Nice horsey, nice horsey, nice horsey. We didn't think so, but hoped.

No muscle in that devil's body flicked until he reached and took Marion's shoulder between his jaws and she looked foolish and dropped the apples. But we couldn't cry out because we had been told to leave him alone, so I went out in front and held an apple near enough for him to smell and he let go and we legged it for the fence. Well, if that was meanness, it was rather fun if it didn't go any further. Marion allowed as it really didn't hurt, so we guessed that a mean person was one you had to keep an eye on, and that was John.

After that, John lived with us for nine years until he died and he never got over his nasty, treacherous little tricks — not quite. Every time you came up beside him, he took your shoulder firmly between his teeth, but after a while it got to be only a gesture and that he never abandoned.

But of all the people who came and went in the life that was Fernside, both two and

four of foot, Old John Horse, as we called him, was of the remarkable ones. Beaten and beaten and never beaten, he still had style; through emasculation he was not emasculated. He had something in him very like intellect, but of intelligence, of good horse-sense, he had hardly any at all. Lazy, bad-tempered, suspicious, hating his bit with a dark bitterness, he would come flying out of the barn, his slender legs atwinkle, his long tail flung in banners, speeding against a red sunset; out of the Gargantuan mare, by Pegasus. If there were music to be heard he would lift his old barrel from its slump, snap his halter rope and come dancing on the snow, and we all dancing with him, Mother, too, so Fernside rang and stamped and snorted, faun with satyr, until the gods clapped their hands from top of Crany Hill.

It was one of our chores all those years to lead John to water at the spring, morning and night. He had a respect for children and would sloop along at the end of his slack rope, reach for a head of queen-Anne's-lace or snipping twigs patiently while we hunted four-leaf clovers. He loved the spring as we did, pawing the mud as he pushed aside frog-spew and plunging his nose deep into the good water: suddenly yanking the rope out of your absent-minded hands and leaping colt-wise amongst the hummocks of the swamp. Krnk, krnk, krnk, don't you dare to step on me, Grampie would croak, and remove himself. John would laugh and r'ar back and stop stock still in the wettest place, waiting to be fetched home.

John was my first lover. I do not laugh at our little affair now; it was as full of coyness and of unconscious small bawdinesses as any little girl and boy business, and the eroticism of it blent without edges into the warmth and heartiness of living that was ours at home. Nubility comes early and unremarked amongst the other creatures and does not hang its head. At this time we often 'played horse' and then I did as John did in everything I could think of. Or, alone on a windy hill I would run and kick and stop still under a tree, and secretly be John. Sometimes, lying on the warm grass and actually chewing it, and coming slowly up to that strangulation of all emotion which is life's white heat, I would be stunned with wonder and a kind of shame.

Then Mother would send me to the village on an errand and John would loaf along the road like so much gristle and bent pin and when I stopped to let him water at the trough in the public Square and my current real beau came along to say a shy Hello, John would turn his head slowly and make a vulgar

explosion against the dashboard. And I hated him.

Slowly, he came to realize some of the things that living at Fernside meant, to know the lenient whip that stood almost untouched in the whipsocket, to pull his share of the load. And as this began to sink into his fine understanding, John became the great little horse we all remember, the horse who looked out from his swathings the night he sickened to death and put his head on Mother's knee; the horse whose eyes by then had spent all their hate on trying to love.

The first big surprise Father had about John came on a January evening, not long after we had him. Father had taken Marion and me to the woodlot from which he had been doing some logging. It was off up Daisy Hollow way and then across the Big Swamp and up from there a piece. The weather had been slowly warming for a couple of days, but subtly. When we went into the woods at noon to get the last load, the swamp was a little soft but safe enough. By the time we had come out, toward late afternoon, the thermometer stood thirty degrees higher than it had four hours earlier and the swamp had a funny look. Father tested it with his feet and looked worried. But you couldn't tell how long a thaw would last and this was the tag end of the job, so he sent us on ahead and started over the long treacherous bogroad. John knew better than to try and he held back until you could see the bit cutting him. But Dan, his steady old teammate, pulled along and Father used the whip. The wheels were cutting the road pretty badly and Marion and I gnawed our fingers and walked backwards, watching and crying.

When they approached the most dangerous place, Father hesitated. That wasn't like Father and we knew it must be terrible. He was trying to decide whether to loose the horses and abandon the load. In that second Dan caught a sense of panic somewhere and began to flounder. In that same second, like the rush of the hero in a melodrama onto the stage to save the heroine, John lifted himself out of his bellygirth, set square into his collar, gave Dan a vicious bite on the near ear and in a four-hundred-yard dash, with ice cracking like small thunder beneath and all around them, hauled them onto solid earth. He was sick when he got home and drank warm milk like a baby.

But he became my hero of heroes the day he saved Grampa's life. We were coming down the last steep pitch of the road with a big load of hay from the Mink Hill place, and the load tipped over. Father and I were thrown harmlessly clear, but my dear dear Grampa was pinned, legs and groins, under one corner of the load. Both horses were down, and as usual reliable old Dan had lost his head and was thrashing badly, threatening to bring load and all down the hill onto all of us. John lay perfectly still collecting his wits and I went and sat on Dan's head

while Father attempted the impossible task of moving the worst of the load off Grampa. Father says that the instant he did this, John by some miracle got to his feet, his head high, his eyes alert; you could see him figuring it out, Father says. Then he backed slowly into the britching, braced his hocks against the whippetree and eased the muscles of his tough small rump sidewise against the hayrack. It did the trick, and to this day it remains to us a miracle which we leave gratefully to the God of all devilish little horses to understand.

Oh, I don't suppose he was any different than all high-headed critters of his kind, but you can't tell me there are many of the kind. He had a rare sweetness, fleeting as rare. One day he had got out of the barn and the baby was asleep in his carriage on the lawn. Mother came out of the house to see John just lifting his nose from the grass to the baby's face. She held her breath in horror, for he was just as like to turn and kick the carriage halfway to town. She couldn't move, she knew better, and in a minute the tickling of his hairs had waked Frank. She heard the baby laugh, saw him poke one fist into a nostril . . . praying . . . praying . . . But John only sneezed square in the baby's face and grazed slowly off.

And the day Laurie raked the straight up- and- down sidehill back of Grampa's house, the one with the brook and the big boulders at the foot of it. Laurie was a junior at Harvard that summer, making some spending money as a farm hand and doing something about his health I

guess, too, for he went about in nothing but jockey shorts, an amazement to New Hampshire in those days. Anyway, he was putting on the Harvard a bit, unconsciously to be sure, and Father had a mind to take him down a peg that day. He hitched John to the hayrake, headed him uphill and told Laurie to rake the field before the storm broke. There were thunderheads all over the horizon and the hills muttering, John loved a thunderstorm; there was a demon in him that came with the first streak of electricity in the air.

Take it easy, Father said to Laurie, smiling. Laurie got up on the precarious seat and diddled the reins. Get up, he addressed John with his best Cambridge inflection. John turned his head and took a long look at Laurie's bare torso and lifted his tail to give vent. Then he got up. He got up that hill in no time flat and without pausing to shift gears he backed down it.

Stop, yelled Laurie. Stop that . . . whoa . . . whoa I said . . . WHOA, you bastard . . .

But a sinister celerity was in John. His mane flew, his slender legs twinkled in reverse, he bared his teeth and roared with laughter. Three inches short of crag and waterfall he stopped, shimmied his rump just enough to tip Laurie off, and, reins dragging, set out and raked the field himself.

Well, that was Old John-horse of Fernside, under whose forefeet you could leave the baby and who would kick you with both heels in the guts anytime, and a fine relish into it. The same horse I histed little Pearle up on that day at the spring.

—LYNDA SARGENT

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ANNA KATZ

OCEAN AVENUE Between SAN CARLOS & DOLORES



## The First Galley

Look! We've had a new head wished onto our column. The editor has some sort of an odd idea that maybe more people will read it if we change the name. Where he ever got that optimistic notion. . . .

The name itself is Pauline Meeks' suggestion and not so bad, because this copy is usually literally the first galley of type to be set each week. And the *Youngest Constant Eater* pointed out that galley also means the kitchen on a ship, so it can still be "about food—sometimes."

Other names may appear at the head of this column at unexpected future moments, but I'm afraid it'll continue to be written by the *Constant Eater*. "No matter how much you pound it, it's still abalone."

There was a certain short journey I used to take many times every summer in my youth. Its vivid memory is "graven on my heart and mind" as deeply as was the short stretch of country road on Lynda's.

It began in the very heart of old Newburyport in our father's drug store on Market Square and ended, three miles east, in our cottage at Plum Island on the Atlantic ocean.

Market Square in those days was the terminal for all the trolley lines from the surrounding country. It was a big, irregular open space as exciting and stimulating to wanderlusting imaginations as any Grand Central Terminal. For, if you had enough five cent pieces to pay the fares and enough stamina to ride for hours on hard wooden seats, being swayed and jounced and rattled around, you could journey right out of your own home territory into the strange, foreign lands of neighboring states. Why, you could even completely cross the toe of New Hampshire and penetrate into Maine and there enjoy a thrilling picnic at York Beach. A lengthy excursion such as this was undertaken only about once every few years.

But I am glad now that our rides even to Plum Island were just infrequent enough to retain their novelty. No matter how familiar we became with the landmarks along the way we simply never got over the feeling of excitement that a ride on any trolley stirred in us.

It began, as I said, in our father's drug store. It was there, behind the big plate glass window, that we waited for our car, looking out meanwhile at the lively bustle of business on a hot summer morning. We felt very superior to the common herd because we didn't have to stand out on the dusty sidewalk clutching our parcels and baskets and be jostled by the outgoing picnickers and the incoming shoppers.

I don't suppose there were very often what you could strictly designate as *crowds*, except on Saturdays, but every time a trolley arrived the small group which had been waiting for it surged forward as eagerly as if they were afraid it would stop scarcely long enough for them all to get aboard.

It was always fun to watch the people in the Square. Girls and boys with bathing suits in clumsy bundles . . . family parties with their baskets of lunch . . . children carrying pails and shovels . . . all of them with clean faces shining bright with anticipation. Most of them, we knew, were going to beaches other than our own. Salisbury, Seabrook, Hampton, Rye—they

were strung along the coast, one sandy paradise after another, where gentle summer breakers curled over and rolled in across the white sands . . . again and again and again . . . tirelessly offering their salty joys for endless streams of shrieking bathers.

The old Market Square was paved in rough cobblestones and horses hitched to delivery wagons clattered noisily across it and added to the general atmosphere of lively confusion. We never gave a thought to the fact that so many generations of horses had already slipped and clattered over those same cobblestones. Nor did we see any of the romance of the ancient structures that surrounded the Square. Yet some of the plain brick buildings dated back to years before those rash young Bostonians tried to make cold tea out of the salt waters of Boston Harbor—and made history instead!

We never tried to visualize the ancient meeting house that once stood right in the center just where the trolley tracks swept around in an iron circle, because I'm sure I, at least, never knew it had existed. The meeting house was removed to make room for a market place to be used by dealers in hay, grain and other farm and dairy products—and thus the name "Market Square" originated.

To us Market Square was simply the place where you took a trolley to go anywhere that was too far to walk. It also meant the drug store, which was like a second home to us for so many years. But some other time I'll write about the store.

Now the Plum Island car is in sight and I must hurry out and get as close to the track as I can because I want to sit either on the very front seat or at least, on the end of the cross seats behind. There is seldom much rush off an ordinary morning but I don't relax until I am safely up the two steps and sitting on the slippery seat, with the market basket tucked down under the seat behind my legs and my hand clutching the little curved metal arm that kept you from being tossed out when the car swung around a curve.

One of the nice things about the old-fashioned open cars — and we never called them anything but "cars" because the "trolley" was definitely the thing on top connecting with the wire, not the car itself—was its height above the ground. First you stepped up on the running board and then up into the car and this gave you a pleasant feeling of being able to see a great deal more than on the ground. Also you felt just a little sorry for the plodding pedestrians below you, past whom you swept in a delightful clamor of noises. Grinding, bumping and shrieking of heavy iron wheels on rough tracks . . . the *dong dong dong* of the motorman's foot on his warning bell . . . the busy *ding ding* of the conductor ringing in fares with one hand while he was hanging on with the other. A dashing figure, we always

thought, as he swung fearlessly along the running board from one upright to the next, his coat flying in the breeze. The feeling of admiration and envy the conductor inspired in us was akin to what stirs present day children when they watch Tarzan leap from branch to branch in his jungle. And at that, I doubt if they get as much genuine thrill as we did, for we weren't surfeited by countless hair-raising daredevil stunts shown in the movies.

Out of Market Square and round the corner of State street into our first straight stretch—and our trip has really begun. Middle street—here is an old street packed full of history . . . narrow, like all the streets in the oldest part of the city, so narrow that the car track runs close along the sidewalk and the houses crowd forward as if anxious not to miss anything interesting going by.

Oh, there's Dyer's Oyster House on the right . . . oyster crackers and little old Dickensy windows with plates of round coconut candy in them.

And now, on the left, we clang past the brick house with the wrought-iron balcony. One of the sea captains must have brought back with him a touch of exotic southern atmosphere to linger on and fade in rusty beauty. The rather frivolous scrolls of ironwork set it off from its neighbors with their more austere architectural trimming.

Oh look, on the right again, that house set back in a garden crowded with a blaze of hardy New England flowers. That's where Florence Noyes lived. I only vaguely remember the well kept little garden, but I do remember vividly the daughter of the house — she was different from any girl in all Newburyport. Why? Simply because she wore her reddish-blond hair in two unusual braids down her back—braids which were each made up of many thin strands of hair, woven cleverly and astonishingly into wide flat plaits such as we had never at that time dreamed could be created out of ordinary human hair. It must have been something of a lengthy process. At any rate, we could easily detect the fact that these wonderful braids were not freshly woven every day, nor even every other day.

And here on the right is a bit of history in an old cannonball mounted on a low granite post at the corner of narrow Independent street. We always looked with interest at this round black iron ball but we didn't know much about it. As a matter of fact, it came from Louisburg when that fortress was captured in 1758 and I've wondered since I learned that whether the man who brought it to Newburyport carried it in a carpet bag or how he transported it. We called it a cannonball but the guide book says it's a bombshell. Anyhow, whichever it is, it's been moved up to the prominence of a more formal setting on Bartlett Mall where it presumably shows to better advantage—but certainly can hardly give as much joy in the showing as it did when one came upon it sitting so unexpectedly and incongruously on its sleepy street corner.

Well, here we're only half way along Middle street, just the

mere beginning—I guess we'll have to continue our ride to Plum Island next week.

This week's recipe: Yankee Oyster Pie. 1½ pints oysters and liquor, 2 tbsp. melted butter, 4 tsp. cornstarch, ½ cup cold water, 1 tbsp. lemon juice, salt and paprika. Place oysters and liquor in buttered baking dish and stir in cornstarch which has been dissolved in cold water. Add melted butter, lemon juice and season with salt and paprika to taste. Cover baking dish with rolled baking powder biscuit dough ½ inch thick. Bake in hot oven (450 degrees F.) about 25 min.

—CONSTANT EATER

### Jaffrey Harris Hosts At Informal Musical

Inviting a few people who they knew would enjoy an evening of music, Mr. and Mrs. Jaffrey Harris (Rachel Morton), assisted by Anne Barrows, were hosts at their home Friday evening for an informal hour or two of listening and, at times, intense discussion punctuated by intermittent laughter which always hovers just around the next sentence whenever Rachel Morton is present.

Miss Morton and Miss Barrows sang, some "old wheezes," as she called them, which turned out to be German Lieder from Miss Morton; *The Year's at the Spring* and *Requiem* from Anne, both in fine voice. And Walter Kelsey played his violin! Starting off with the Grieg *Sonata in G*, followed by the Beethoven *Minuet* and the *Meditation* from "Thais" with Mrs. Kelsey at the piano, he ended his contribution with the *Adagio* movement of his own *Sonata*. Jaffrey Harris played the piano accompaniment for this. Very modern in form and feeling, its impact was strange to our ears, following as it did close upon the heels of

Beethoven and Massenet. It stirred up an interesting discussion, however, and the opinion of all those present was that they wanted to hear it again. His "Thais" was delivered stirringly, with full round tones and deep spirit.

Refreshments, both liquid and solid, followed the music. Oh, yes, those who were there: Mr. and Mrs. Paul Dougherty, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kelsey, Marjorie Warren and Robert Emmett O'Brien. Margaret Lial was supposed to be there, the affair having been thrown together in the first place for her special benefit—but Miss Lial was ill and couldn't make it.

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## SPINDLING IT OFF

A Los Angeles Blizzard—with snow spread amongst roses and palm trees as ordered by the Junior Chamber of Commerce to prove that there's really nothing that Los Angeles can't offer. It hired a snowmaking machine, bought 16 tons of ice and staged the storm in one of the city parks for a snow party given for underprivileged children where they were turned loose with sleds and toboggans over 30 by 90 feet of ground covered by snow two inches deep. . . . As an object lesson to any would-be wife beaters a sheriff in a Maryland county jail placed 10 sound lashes of a cat-and-nine tails on the bare back of Glen Doyle, who had been convicted of wife-beating, in the first public beating to be witnessed in this state for the last 50 years.

The question as to whether there will be red lips in the Red Cross or not is causing a great deal of argument in London circles. Sir Archibald Fraser, who is director of the British Red Cross in Suffolk county, remembers when not all women painted their lips has delivered the ultimatum to an attractive matron that she is either to discard her lipstick or resign her position as assistant commandant at the Red Cross hospital. So the debate wages on as to whether she shall remain red-lipped and leave or whether she shall become a pale face and stay. . . . In America the feminine problem is in the form of shorts on the bowling alleys. In spite of the fashion magazines which depict the smart woman bowling in smart shorts, the president of the women's International Bowling Congress has just announced that the Congress has not and will not permit any of its members to wear shorts. The foremost complaint being (as with slacks) that it's the fat women who wear them that cause their downfall.

Head lines to match the headlines: a winged coiffure called the "Spitfire" pictured in a recent newspaper which has the hair flared out at right angles on each side so that the wearer has a distinct ready-to-take-off air. There was a companion hair-do styled by the same hairdresser which was called "Hurricane" and was dedicated to the Royal Air Force. (There was no picture of Hurricane) . . . More repercussions from the war: *An Air Raid Ballet*—a creation of an Ohio dancing teacher in which she portrays a bomber poised for a takeoff, the climbing, the power dive and then the gliding home to a safe landing.

"Phobic Prisoner" Professor: William E. Leonard passed his 65th birthday resigned to going on with his teaching at the University of Wisconsin and never to go any farther than the six-block campus area in which he lives because of his lifelong terror of distance which he claims started when he was badly frightened by a locomotive at the age of three. In his autobiography he explains that as soon as he gets a certain distance he is overwhelmed with a feeling of insecurity that he can't get back and is in a "panic of isolation" . . . As long as discarded cranberry skins are around the old saying that oil and water don't mix is untrue—Scientists found that the discarded skins contain ursolic acid, an emulsifying agent which counteracts the mutual repulsion of oil and water and makes them mix. Not only is the cranberry basking in this unusual glory but cranberry seed oil, also present in the same waste pulp, has been found to be rich in vitamin

A—supplying another means by which children may get this health builder without grappling with the cod liver oil bottle.

The Battle of the Bargain Counters—which proved to be almost as active and as unpleasant as that of the regular battlefield to the London men who fought and shoved in the department stores to buy the long lists of garments which their wives, who had been evacuated to the country, had ordered them to send their families. Several stores had mammoth January sales with tremendous slashed prices, many of the materials being marked: Salvaged stocks, damaged by enemy action. . . . A Lefthanded Regiment—the suggestion made by a retired teacher in a letter to the London Daily Mail who feels that to make lefthanded boys righthanded in the army training is cruelty and a waste of good material as she found during her years of teaching that lefthanded children were usually accurate at games and well coordinated.

Bringing the War Close to Home: Bomb-proof sub-cellar are to be built into a group of new houses designed for a site in a New Jersey industrial suburb. . . . The chairman of the Retail-Advisory Committee of the National Defense Commission is warning housewives and breadwinners "not to hoard" as it is pointless and even if a war is going on commodity hoarding will just help to create the unnecessary price rises the government is trying to prevent. . . . Los Angeles plans to "dig in" rather than evacuate in case the city is bombed—this was just lately decided by the major disaster emergency committee who figured that it would take traffic moving at a speed of 30 miles an hour 16 days and nights to evacuate 1,000,000 of the city's 1,500,000 occupants.

Prairie Pipes—Mesquite from Texas and chaparral from California are being tried as substitutes over the present inferior and inadequate briarwood supply coming from Spain. The real briar smoking pipes are made from the heart of the root of the white heath and often ebony, rosewood and olive wood are used, but since these are lacking in our domestic growth, hickory, maple, mountain laurel, apple, red gum and birch have all been tried yet haven't been rushed very much by pipe smokers. The requisites of the wood needed are many for it must be resistant to charring and be able to become "sweet" after seasoning as well as attractive in appearance and adaptable to color and polish.

Calling the bluff of the men who claim to be better cooks than some women, a Texas theatre is going to have cooking contests for men and lasting all noon and far into the night where men will be on exhibition in the lobby wrestling with recipes, mixing bowls, and oven temperatures with three stoves and two refrigerators as props. Surrounded by movie cameras, radio commentators and curious on-lookers three men will be cooking all the time and they may take as long as they wish for each dish. Alongside the judges, who must taste the food, there was also a trained nurse.

Turtleburgers: an old story to the natives of the Key West where meat has to come about 175 miles by truck from Miami, but a luxury to tourists who must pay 25 cents for this combination of turtle meat ground

and seasoned with onion, pepper and salt, then clapped between two buns.

Up for the Hard Luck Championship of the Year—The Tennessee druggist who had all this happen to him within a range of six months: a taxicab demolished the front of his store, bandits held him up twice, thieves broke in once, a fire truck overturned against the entrance, a moving van rammed into the side of the building, and a motorist hit a traffic post and mail box which hurled against the store front to rip part of it away.

—ELIZABETH HOUGHTON  
+ + +

## A Few Interesting Bits About Edith Graham

Remember Edith Graham?—that lovely ash blonde with the deep, resonant voice who, until last December, was associated with Ted Kuster at the Playhouse and appeared in several of the Carmel Stage Guild productions? Remember she got married? We didn't have many of the details at the time, but a letter received from her this week gives us the complete story. We thought you'd like to know.

Officially, Edith is Mrs. Arthur Rankin Honnold, Jr., but for radio purposes (he's the senior announcer at KFRC) she's Mrs. Arthur Van Horn. They were married January 3 in the First Presbyterian Church of San Rafael by the Rev. J. J. Canoles. Honnold is 26 years old and his birthday is the day after Edith's, which calls for a 48-hour celebration, of course. He and Edith met when they were both studying with a voice coach in San Francisco. He started his radio career while he was at San Diego State, being the "Voice of Firestone" for the exposition there, and later in Cleveland. Right now he's doing some writing and producing as well as much newscasting. He's the son of Mrs. Marguerita Van Horn Honnold of Los Angeles and San Diego and a citrus grove in Escondido, and of Arthur R. Honnold, Sr., of Sacramento and the State Reclamation Bureau—an attorney.

The Van Horns have an apartment at 2636 Hyde street. They have a cat called Si-fu (pronounced just plain Si-fu). They are planning a bar-room job on their combination study-guest room and Edith is having a bit of difficulty in constructing (mentally) a bar of proper height for leaning that will not conceal the full-length nudes (also nebulous) that Arthur claims essential to pleasant drinking. This last is for the edification and enjoyment of the "Saturday Afternoon Pedro Chowder and Marching Club" (a hang-over from not too distant bachelor days) which has recently been evicted from its meeting place—the newsroom at KFRC—and is at present "marching" around looking for a new den.

These two are happy and having a wonderful time. We thought you'd like to know.

## WILLIAM DAVEY, RECENT CARMEL RESIDENT, HAS NOVEL OUT SOON

William Davey, who is building a house at Jack's Peak and who, before his divorce from Alice Hastings Davey, occupied the Richard Johnson house up on Hatton Fields Mesa, will have a novel—"Dawn Breaks the Heart"—published by Howell, Soskins and Company, in March. The book took him six years to write and is a novel dealing with childhood, adolescence and an exciting marriage. William Davey is the son of Randall Davey, nationally known artist and prominent member of the Santa Fe colony, and of Mrs. Cyrus McCormick. He started writing poetry at an early age and is a graduate of Yale.

## What the Library Has in New Books

THE WHITE CLIFFS, by Alice Duer Miller. A short narrative in verse of an American girl who marries an English man and bears him a son, and gives both to her adopted country. It was read over the radio by Lynn Fontanne.

LOVE STORIES OF OLD CALIFORNIA, by Mrs. Fremont Older. Semi-fictionized accounts of 24 love stories in California history, including the R. L. Stevenson romance.

SOUTH AMERICAN EXCURSION, by Ernest Young. The author, who spent last fall in Carmel, is a trained observer and his book gives an intimate picture of the countries he visited, and the people he met.

WATCH BELOW, by William McFee. More of the author's knowledgeable discussion of seafaring life on the tramp steamers of former years.

YOUR CHILD IN HEALTH AND SICKNESS, by Hugh Dwyer. A standard book for parents.

THE BOOK OF LOW COST HOUSES. Edited from the Architectural Forum.

THE GREAT CRUSADE, by Gustav Regier. A novel of the Spanish civil war written by a German refugee who fought on the Loyalist side.

ONCE THERE WAS A VIL-LAGE, by Katherine Dunlap.

SERGEANT LAMB'S AMERICA, by Robert Graves.

CHINA TRADER, by Cornelia Spencer.

CONSTALS AND THE HIPPOGRIF, by Henry Montherlant.

GREEN ENTRY, by Howard.

+ + +

## READING OF "LIFE WITH FATHER" NOT SO GOOD AS O. HENRY TALK

Dr. Anthony Blanks, associate professor of public speaking at the University of California, who has the distinction of being the only male member of the Carmel Woman's Club, opened his program before them last Monday with the following "Fellow ladies . . ."

His reading of the stage play of Clarence Day's "Life with Father" followed. It was a disappointment to one who had read the book with such deep enjoyment and who had gone to the meeting remembering well the pleasure received last year when Dr. Blanks gave a discourse on O. Henry.

Tea followed the program as is the custom at these monthly meetings.

—M. W.

+ + +

## Women's League Meets February 12 for an All-Day Session

Lincoln's Birthday has been chosen by the League of Women Voters for its all-day meeting of the executive board which

will take place at the home of Miss Lydia Weld on Valley View at Seventeenth.

Mrs. Archer Taylor of Berkeley, State League chairman of the Department of Social Welfare, will speak on "The 1941 Legislature: the legislation in the hopper which is of special interest to the League," at La Ribera Tuesday, Feb. 18, at 2:15. Tea will be served by the League following the meeting.

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## Personalities & Personals

Mr. and Mrs. Hibbard Greene of Milwaukee are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Willard W. Wheeler at Pebble Beach. They are Mrs. Wheeler's brother and sister-in-law, and a further bond is the fact that Mrs. Greene was a classmate of Mrs. Wheeler's at Oberlin College. Unfortunately, the Greens will be here only two weeks.

Nicholas Roosevelt of Big Sur will be the guest speaker at the formal dinner which the board of trustees of Mills college is giving tonight at the Bohemian Club in San Francisco. The dinner will honor the scholars of the sophomore, junior and senior classes, members of the Associate Council to Mills and other friends of the college.

Mrs. Martin Flavin again was on her way south yesterday. She'll stay the week-end and hope that the conferences with movie moguls regarding "Mr. Littlejohn" will have reached the stage where Martin may return with her.

Kit Whitman, away from the Carmel Art Institute for one week for the first time in three years, returned Monday to find nine students working their heads off in the Armin Hansen class and three new students registered in the school. Mrs. Jean Caldwell of New York is in Patricia Cunningham's class; Mrs. Hibbard Greene and Dr. J. L. Sleeper are working in clay with Finn Frolich.

Contributing in no small way to her satisfaction at seeing things going so smoothly after her absence was the arrival of Mrs. Dalzell Wilson of Pasadena for her third year with the Armin Hansen class. Mrs. Wilson joined the institute the day it opened.

"I gotta be good or mama will scold me," sings Aggie Fraser. Her mother, Mrs. Marie Fraser, went off to the big city last Saturday morning and left Agnes to keep house alone for two weeks. We're keeping an eye on her, though. She's working at I. Magnin's by day and two evenings out of the week she works in one of Ruth Austin's classes. This week-end she and Flavia Flavin will be down at Big Sur at Susan Porter's.

Mrs. H. L. Toulmin has asked Kit Whitman to bring Mrs. Loretta Baker Valley to her lovely old adobe on the Calle Principale after the lecture at Hotel Del Monte next Friday. A few others will be invited too.

A bit late, but of interest for all that, is the news that when Mr. and Mrs. Martin Flavin were in Hollywood recently they took time out for a jaunt to Palm Springs where they stopped at El Mirador. They trekked to Salton Sea one day so Connie could see one of the lowest spots in the United States, visited the famous Coachella Date gardens, and found time to entertain Lloyd, Lee and Willie Tevis, et al at cocktails in the Coral Room of El Mirador.

Mrs. Katherine MacFarland Howe spent last week-end in Palo Alto where she met her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Philip H. Jones of Redondo Beach, and their small child, who were up from the south for a brief visit only.

The "wreck room" of Thonmond, Robert Emmett O'Brien's

place in Hatton Fields, turned out to be ideal for showing the colored movies of Alvin Beller last Sunday evening. The one who gave impetus to the idea was Susie Jonas, friend of Beller, who was here over the week-end on her way back to Palm Springs. Mrs. Jonas appeared in pictures taken at the Springs and had never had a chance to see herself in them before. The reels taken by Bob, showing native life on the Island of Bali, complete with ceremonial dances, and one taken in Japan, were also shown, as well as Beller's Lake Banff and Lake Louise pictures. The Great Smokey Mountains in North Carolina when the autumn foliage was at its height, and Yellowstone, Jasper and Zion National Parks. These were all in color and were grand indeed. Beller, being an artist, knows all about composition, and he has a fine sense of discrimination when it comes to picking out subjects for his camera to collect. A musical accompaniment was provided by virtue of the Victrola and a willing guest. Beer and sandwiches were served between reels. There were Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Sayers, Mr. and Mrs. George Seidenack, Anne Barrows, Susie Jonas, Marjorie Warren, Elizabeth Houghton, Sue Brownell, Lieut. Howard Salisbury, Lieut. Robert Miller, Beller and the host.

Mr. and Mrs. Jaffrey Harris and Mrs. Harris' mother, Mrs. Frederick Morton, were in San Francisco the early part of this week, having driven up early Sunday morning.

Major George R. Scithers and his family have left Carmel. Major Scithers has been detached from the 76th Field Artillery headquarters and sent to Southwest Air District headquarters in Riverside. He and his young son, Harry, and the dog will follow the huge army truck down the highway today. Mrs. Scithers (we call her Ruth) and Rachel are flying down this afternoon. They've been living in the Thoburn house on Camino Real and we're real sorry to see them leave. Ruth was our official contact with "the army" and did much to break down editorial prejudice against it which sprang up a year ago when a small section of the army (devoted to Marjorie) threatened to invade our reportorial precincts in a manner bearing seeds of complete demoralization.

Marion Hollins left for Los Angeles early last Sunday morning to play in the Women's Golf Tournament that's running this week. She was the guest of Mary Pickford while she was there.

Eleanor Geering pulled a surprise on us last week—unfortunately she pulled it just too

late for us to get it into last week's CYMBAL. It seems she was married January 26 in Carson City to Anthony Marino. The story was told—as they say—at a cocktail party given by Eleanor and Mrs. Laura Chester at the latter's home on Junipero.

Mrs. Marino has been a resident of Carmel for several years and has been associated at various times with several of the real estate offices here. Her husband is with the Ford-Twaits-Morris and Knudsen Construction Co. at Fort Ord. They are making their home on Santa Fe in Eighty Acres.

When Radiana Pazmor returned to San Francisco after her Musical Art Club concert last week she found a telegram awaiting her from Ernst Bacon, head of the music department at Converse College in Spartanburg, South Carolina. He offered her a position on the staff of the music department and Miss Pazmor is now on her way there.

Radiana Pazmor, by the way, was born Harriet Pasmore, but a New York numerologist suggested the change. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bickford Pasmore of Berkeley. He is the well-known California composer and teacher of voice.

Mr. and Mrs. Pasmore will be here Sunday to visit their son and daughter-in-law, Capt. and Mrs. John Pasmore at their home at Tenth and Dolores. There will be "open house" here Monday in order to give the Henry Bickford Pasmores a change to greet all their old friends.

Much to the disappointment of many, ourselves included, it is not probable that Alfred Frankenstein will be in Carmel tomorrow evening to hear his wife, Sylvia Lent, when she gives her violin recital for the Carmel Music Society.

Patricia Cunningham is just putting the final touches on an oil portrait of Mrs. George Murray. It is a distinctive thing, strong in line and color, and while it is handled in the decorative manner of most of Mrs. Cunningham's things, it is first and foremost a portrait.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wolferman of Kansas City are arriving very shortly at their Carmel Valley

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place where they will spend a few weeks just in order to see what magic the rains can produce on their surrounding hills. Their place is next to the Henry Potter Russell ranch and was completed last year by Hugh Comstock. It is a sprawling, California ranch-house type of structure made of adobe brick.

Martha Nohring, returning last Sunday from the Gift Show at Los Angeles' Biltmore, spoke glowingly of her visit with Mrs. Elizabeth Curran, whose guest she was while there, of the races they attended, and of the dinner they had with Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Matrays. Matrays does all the dance production for M. G. M. (did you see "Bittersweet"? ) and he and his wife are frequent visitors to Carmel and mutual friends of Mrs. Nohring and Mrs. Curran. Her attendance at the Gift Show means, of course, more pretties for Merle's Treasure Chest.

Charles Fulkerson, who has been married to Jean Crouch since December 21 and who is a senior at San Jose State where he is majoring in music, is now doing student teaching at Monterey Union High school. This is a break indeed for this young couple, for Jean, who teaches in the music department at Monterey High, also, was seeing her young husband week-ends only. Now the picture has changed and, for the time being, they are living with Jean's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Crouch at Dolores and Seventh.

Fulkerson, whose work in music shows unmistakable signs of leading him to the top of the ladder, is also in charge of the Bach Festival rehearsals in the absence of Usigli, carrying on the work under Usigli's direction until the great conductor arrives in person.

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## The Carmel Cymbal

### Committees Are Named by Carmel Red Cross Head

Dr. G. H. Taubles, recently re-elected chairman of the Carmel Chapter of the American Red Cross, announces the following governing board of officers and committees for the coming year: Executive Committee; Dr. G. H. Taubles, Chairman; Zenas L. Potter, vice-chairman; Mrs. Ralph Skene, secretary; G. W. Burnette, treasurer; Mrs. Karl Rendtorff, Mrs. Sidney A. Trevvett, Mrs. Rush R. Wallace, Mrs. Marion Karr, Miss Rowena Beans and Dr. M. C. Ruehl. Governing Board: Jane Burritt, Rev. James E. Crowther, Mrs. R. J. Hart, Mrs. Marion Karr, Mrs. James McIntyre, Whitney Palache, Mrs. Caroline Pickit, Mrs. Ralph Skene, Mrs. Webster Street, Col. T. B. Taylor, Miss Lydia Weld, Mrs. Laidlaw Williams, Miss Rowena Beans, G. H. Burnette, Mrs. F. E. Calkins, William N. Dekker, Mrs. John W. Dickinson, E. H. Ewig, Victor Graham, Miss Clara G. Hinds, Mrs. Alfred Matthews, Mrs. Elizabeth Morse, Miss Etta Paul, Mrs. Karl G. Rendtorff, Zenas L. Potter, Dr. M. C. Ruehl, Dr. G. H. Taubles, Mrs. Sidney A. Trevvett, Mrs. Lily Trowbridge.

John E. Abernethy, Mrs. John Dennis, Mrs. James Doud, Mrs. Charles Fuller, A. F. Halle, The Rev. Carel Hulsewé, Mrs. Weaver Kitchen, Mrs. Howard Monroe, Mrs. Ernest Morehouse, Rev. Michael O'Connell, Mrs. Muriel Vanderbilt Phelps, Col. George W. Stuart, Mrs. Henry Stuart, Mrs. Rush R. Wallace, Mrs. Colden H. Whitman, Paul Whitman and Mrs. W. H. Hargrave.

Committee Chairmen: Junior Red Cross—Mrs. Ernest Morehouse and Mrs. Lily Trowbridge. Home Service Production—Miss Jane Burritt, chairman; Mrs. Joseph Hooper, layettes; Mrs. James Doud, knitting; Mrs. Marion Karr, sewing; Mrs. Fred Godwin, shipping; Miss Ann Read, purchasing. War Relief Production—Surgical Dressings; Mrs. Muriel Vanderbilt Phelps, chairman, and Mrs. B. K. Isenberg, director; First Aid—Ambulance—Col. T. B. Taylor, chairman. Publicity; Zenas L. Potter, Executive Secretary, Miss P. Leslie King.

### RED CROSS INSTITUTE AT ASILOMAR FEB. 24

There's going to be a Red Cross Chapter Workers' Institute at the Hotel San Carlos beginning Monday, Feb. 24 and continuing through Friday, Feb. 28. The reason for it being to acquaint the chapters in this area with the additional responsibilities growing out of the military expansion at Fort Ord.

A dinner at La Playa will be held Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 7 p.m., for the officers and workers in the Carmel Red Cross chapter. Discussions covering all Red Cross activities as well as those particularly relating to the military establishment on the Peninsula will take place at this dinner.

### HOLY COMMUNION SUNDAY AT ALL SAINTS

The service of the Holy Communion will be held at All Saints' Church next Sunday morning at 8 o'clock. The Church School begins at 9:30 o'clock with classes for young people of all ages.

The service of Morning Prayer with a sermon message by the Rev. C. J. Hulsewé begins at 11 o'clock. The full vested choir will sing Sir John Stainer's great anthem *God So Loved the World*. Rev. E. Manhire is the choir director with Alice Lee Keith at the organ.

### League of Women Voters Supporting Roosevelt's Lease-Lend Bill

Supporting the "lease-lend" bill as a substitute for war, the National Board of the League of Women Voters announces its stand as based on a program item adopted nearly a year ago: "A foreign policy as a non-belligerent which permits discrimination against an aggressor and favors the victim of aggression."

This announcement was made this week by Mrs. Warner Clark, president of the California League of Women Voters. League members throughout the state are now being urged to make immediate contact with their representatives in Washington urging support of the measure.

Miss Marguerite M. Wells, National League president, clarified the League's position in a statement in which she referred to the bill as a "bold experiment to bring pressure in war situations without recourse to war." The Act to Promote the Defense of the United States is of such far-reaching implications that it cannot be operated without sacrifice, public and private, present and future, comparable to the sacrifices demanded by war itself. Yet it is not an act pro-

viding for war. On the contrary, it is a substitute for war. It comes too late to prevent wars elsewhere, but not too late to halt their spread. It is a bold experiment, but it is not war, and the powers conferred upon the President leave him free to carry out his repeated pledge not to take this country into war.

Miss Wells pointed out that if successful, it will save free nations from the attacks of violators of law and order, without participation in war. It will be the first and only demonstration on a grand scale of bringing pressure in war situations without recourse to war. "It is an experiment that fits our traditions, our history, our genius, and our uniquely favorable geographical situation, one which no other country by itself could make," declared Miss Wells, who adds that "if, without going to war, we can prevent conquest of the world by aggressors, a practical demonstration will have been made of renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy. Once more as in 1789 when we made of the ideal of democracy a reality, our country will have set a light for the feet of men."

### Stanford Faculty Member Talks at Forum Tonight

Speaking on Latin American affairs under the title, "Implementing Our Good Neighbor Policy," Graham Stuart, author, editor and Stanford professor will appear at Sunset Auditorium tonight at 8 o'clock on the program of the Carmel Forum. Stuart is a forceful and interesting speaker with a wealth of background in travel, study, lecturing and writing.

Dr. Stuart was notified Tuesday by letter from Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, that he has been appointed a member of a group of scholars and editors who will leave late this month for a goodwill tour of South America. Leaving New York on February 28, the party will visit Valparaiso and Santiago, Chile; Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Santos, Sao Paulo and Rio Janeiro. The Carnegie Foundation is sponsoring the tour.

### WITH AID OF CAROLITA RUTH AUSTIN'S CLASS IS GOING SPANISH

Carolita, lush and dusky Spanish dancer, former partner of José Cansino in "Ballet Español," comes to Carmel several times a week to visit her mother, Mrs. E. E. Splane, who has a home here. Ruth Austin, realizing that there's nothing like a new impetus for rousing her dance classes out of an occasional lethargy, has nailed Carolita for the "Impetus" and is having her give the advanced class some Spanish work each Monday afternoon.

You remember the "Dancing Cansinos" of course—Elisa, Edwardo and José, and the Orpheum Circuit. They are Spain's outstanding dance family. The team is broken up now but José has a studio in Hollywood, and Carolita will go down come summer to study with him. She and her business partner, Gordon Keith, run one of the largest dance studios on the East Bay,

and they also have studios in San Jose and Modesto. So, you see, the girl's a professional, and what a break that means for Miss Austin's advanced girls!

### COL. C. G. LAWRENCE IS CALLED BACK TO DUTY

Col. and Mrs. Charles G. Lawrence will soon no longer live in Carmel! Alameda must be their home from now on, or until this war business is settled. Army orders received from Washington this week ordered Colonel Lawrence to report for duty Wednesday of this week in Alameda where he will have charge of the ROTC unit. Mrs. Lawrence will spend this weekend house-hunting and will then return to Carmel just long enough to attend to the business of packing and closing up the Carmel house.

The Lawrences came to Carmel in 1932 and have been active in many community affairs. Until a year or so ago, Colonel Lawrence devoted a great deal of his time to little theatre productions in Carmel, his end of it being sets and lighting.

Going to Alameda will not be like going to a strange country for the Lawrences, however, because Colonel Lawrence was in charge of all the East Bay ROTC units for 12 years. This was followed by one year at Fort Warren, Wyo. Then he was put on the retired list and they came to Carmel. They want to return just as soon as circumstances make it possible.

### DELEGATES ARE ELECTED TO HOUSE OF CHURCHMEN

Elected as delegates to the annual convention of the House of Young Churchmen are Howard B. Levinson, William D. Yerkes, Gerald Ray, Anne Millis and Katherine Baker. Alternates: Patricia B. Shephard and Ann Rudderow.

The election took place last Sunday at the meeting of the young people of All Saints' Parish. The convention will be held at Christ Church, Alameda, Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 15 and 16.

### Mrs. McCabe Tells Of Bundles for Britain Receipts

Mrs. W. H. McCabe, pinch-hitting for Mrs. Burleigh Hall Murray who was out of town for the day, told the Carmel Woman's Club at its general meeting last Monday that since the last general meeting a month ago they've given three Bundles for Britain teas, the first two netting around \$80 each, and the affair held at Highlands Inn last Saturday netting between \$106 and \$110. Mrs. McCabe then indicated that smaller parties given by smaller groups in private homes will be encouraged henceforth. Any individual thought on the subject of raising money for the cause begun by Mrs. Winston Churchill which was for additional comforts for the men doing duty on the North Sea, will be appreciated.

In line with this idea will be the Doll Tea to be given by Mrs. Alton Walker at her home next Wednesday, Feb. 12. Mrs. Walker is the possessor of an amazing collection of dolls from all over the world. They will be on exhibition and tea will be served between the hours of 2:30 o'clock and 3 o'clock. A French doll, donated by the Jack & Jill Shop, will be given away. The regular bridge section meeting, which is held at La Ribera Monday afternoon at 2:30, will turn into a "Bundles for Britain" bridge with donated prizes to strive for and a charge of 50 cents made per person for the cause. A large crowd is expected and the management of La Ribera doesn't mind if tables overflow into halls and lounges. This affair is not limited to club members.

Pencilla Smith, Carmel Point piano teacher, who was unable to donate any sum to the cause, has been selling gloves for \$1.50

and turning over her 25 cent commission to the Woman's Club instead. She gave them \$3.75 last week.

Anna Grant Dall will present a musical program at the March meeting of the Carmel Woman's Club.

### HERE'S A CHANCE TO GO TO ANNAPOLIS

Word was received recently from Congressman John Z. Anderson that because of the expansion of training facilities at the Naval Academy at Annapolis to fill the need for additional officers to man new ships, young men between 16 and 20 are eligible to take competitive civil service examination for academy entrance.

Anderson said he wanted to appoint "one principal and a first and second alternate so that some deserving and qualified young man will have the opportunity of embarking upon a naval career."

Applications should be in Anderson's hands not later than tomorrow. Address him at 336 House Office Building Washington, D. C. You can still wire him. The examinations will be held February 21.



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## OVER THE CRACKER BARREL AT ROSIE'S

We hear that:

Well, one of them empty soldiers he come up the valley and he told Joe he would have to go back and sit in the jug because he ain't got back soon enough to suit the generals so we all went but not to the jug only now we are in it again like we said we ain't after peeling potatoes for a whole year.

So Joe he had joined and Al and me we had to so we could watch him because the damn fool is always getting himself into some kind of a wrong mess.

So we did her. And it ain't so bad only we got no time now to ourselves and there is nothing you can pick up and make a little for yourself with and that is kind of hard on Al who is always looking at the black side of things and thinks we are going to starve maybe if we can't sell a few pair of spurs or some gold ornaments. Besides we have got to wash and clean up and walk around a lot when we could just so well be sitting down and cleaning our guns because there is no sense in practicing how to walk when we know how already but we are in the army now.

Well, that was the day that this major fellow and his friend the colonel they asked Joe if he would like to go for a little ride and we let him go because there is a guy who is a corporal going along, too, and me and Al we figured that nothing very bad can happen if the corporal guy is there to keep things peaceful and kick hell out of any major or colonel who would not understand Joe but we were kind of nervous letting him go with these fellows he don't know so well so we just took a car what was standing out in front of a big house with windows and we did not know that the general would get so mad.

So we follow them to where they are going to find a dead man and the major said he was afraid he was going to bust all over the country if they left him out there on the range and Al he says:

"If he is going to bust I'll bet by now he is swole and I'd hate to be the one to find him."

But we went anyways and he was up by Laguna Seca which ain't any too seca this time of the year but this colonel and major they don't know nothing like always so they all get stuck in the mud.

And they are getting their fine pink pants all wet so Joe he says:

"Roll them up, boys, and let's get the goddam thing out of here. It is getting near eating time."

But this fancy automobile which goes all four ways at once on its wheels only starts to dig down to hell and gone so then the colonel he says he can pull it out by the fender and all he gets for his big talk is a face full of mud.

So Joe and me and Al we all go over to Santa Rita to Mazie's and ask her for a shovel and a hoe and some tamales. Well, we get the shovel and the hoe but the shovel is made from linoleum and bends pretty easy.

Well, Mazie she come along with us to the place and when she seen the poor old major so red in the face and the poor old colonel so dirty she is feeling sorry for them and she says,

"What the hell, boys, what's wrong?" Mazie she is got a big heart full of sympathy.

And all at once these guys all start talking at once about different wrenches that are resting in the ground instead of being of use to anyone so Mazie she says,

"Get the hell into that buggy

and get going," and then she gives it a shove from behind, and God Almighty that automobile she just took a big bounce in the air and sailed off like a air-plane and she didn't come down at all, only went flying around and doing fancy tricks like the guy at the King City stampede and Joe he waved and hollered at us.

"Me I am superman, kiddo," and then I seen that the corporal guy looks just like the one what had give me that jab with that sharp thing when we was playing games in a trantula's nest but now he is up in the air and I can't do anything. Only I will get him some day when he don't know it where the grass is not so high. I am not going to forget that jab any too soon.

Well, about that time the colonel he got sick so we beat it, and let that corporal bring her down on the road.

But them damn chisellers didn't return that shovel to Mazie and she is plenty mad and the first time they get dressed up in their fancy pink pants and sun burn belts and try to get in her place she is going to give them the bird and Mazie she sure can do it.

And they ain't found that dead one yet.

—ELSMITH FREELSON

### KUSTER NOW CASTING FOR COWARD PLAYS

The three Noel Coward "Tonight at 8:30" plays to be produced at the Playhouse shortly are being cast by Edward Kuster, director for the Stage Guild. Try-outs are held daily in the Green Room.

The cast of "Fumed Oak" is complete with Andre French, Anne Loos, Ellen Habenicht and Robin Habenicht. The play is in full rehearsal.

"Hands Across the Sea," partially cast, will bring in Connie Flavin and Lloyd Weer, who are playing leading roles.

"Still Life" will include Aurelia (Mickie) Tullius and Mrs. Henry L. Luongo, newcomers to the Carmel stage and both players of wide experience. In this play Andre French will enact the uproarious cockney role of Albert Godby.

### CARMEL GIVES \$224.89 TO AID INFANTILE PARALYSIS FIGHT

The sum of \$224.89 was netted in Carmel by the recent infantile paralysis drive which was great news to the committee as this exceeded last year's proceeds by \$30.

The \$224.89 was the grand total—\$155.40 came from tickets which were sold to the President's Ball at the American Legion clubhouse last Saturday night, \$53.77 was collected from the March of Dimes "Wishing Wells" placed around town, \$10.72 was presented by the Pine Cone as a percentage of its advertising profits from a recent issue, and a check for \$5 was received from an anonymous donor.

Tomorrow—Saturday—is the last chance to register.

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## More Personals

Robert Rhodes, who is known in parts as "Yogi," principally in San Francisco, is going to be one of the attractions at Sade's, recently bought by the Dienelts. He'll be what might be called one of the features of the place at the cocktail hour.

In spite of the rushing rain and tempestuous wind, L. Horowitz, the chess wizard, attracted an amazingly large crowd at the Carmel Art Gallery Wednesday evening. A handful of women and a well-represented "army" augmented the large number of masculine chess enthusiasts who inhabit this Peninsula. A large contingent event drove over from Santa Cruz. There were about 35 players who dared to challenge the champion and of them all, Paul Whitman, was the only one who was able to play him to a draw. This is indeed a feather!

Well, Loa Lloyd is settled at last, and what a load that is off our mind. She and her pal, "Bunny" Graham, of Palo Alto, after much chasing up and down San Francisco hills and valleys, finally located themselves at the Hotel Cartwright on Sutter street and are as pleased as punch about the whole set-up. They have two rooms and a connecting bath, and Loa says the management has been perfectly swell to them; ordered special studio bed covers; moved furniture into their place from all over the building; let them have over-night guests whenever they want them and, oh, lots of little things. Loa's sculpture at the California School of Fine Arts under Stackpole is coming along beautifully. She'll be in Carmel today, by the way, to stay the week-end.

Liane Whitman and Frederic Barsedow have been guests of Mrs. James O. Greenan since last Sunday and return to Los Angeles today. Liane is the sister of Bettina, the young painter who worked in Mexico with Diego Rivera who came to Carmel a year ago to do some painting here. She and Liane had the Kellogg house at Carmel Highlands, and Bettina worked at the Carmel Art Institute and joined the Carmel Art Association before they went to Los Gatos to live because the Carmel climate wasn't so hot for Liane's health.

Barsedow is a young, blonde and good-looking Austrian who has been making the rounds of the various women's colleges in the country and giving a series of fireside chats on philosophy. He recently lectured at Mills. Yesterday afternoon he was out chatting with Edward and Charles Weston and no one answered the telephone when we phoned—otherwise we would have had more definite information on his activities.

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## Watson-LaPlante Nuptials Last Sunday Afternoon

A simple civil ceremony at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Otis Bert-hold last Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock united Eugene A. H. Watson and Beatrice La Plante in marriage. Mrs. Bert-hold is the bride's sister. Judge Ray Baugh officiated. Only members of the immediate family with just a few intimate friends were present. A reception followed and then the wedding party drove over the hill to St. John's Chapel where Dr. Theodore Bell gave the spiritual blessing. The couple left immediately for

Twenty-nine Palms where Gene's brother, Major Lee Watson and his family, make their home. They haven't made any statement about when they will return to Carmel.

The new Mrs. Watson looked very charming in a warm beige outfit with brown accessories. She wore a corsage of brown orchids and a beaver jacket.

Next week you can begin thinking about getting tickets to hear H. V. Kaltenborn who will be presented at Sunset Auditorium March 5, by Kit Whitman. If you want to make reservations for the lecture, call Carmel 1222 after Monday of next week.

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## LETTERS TO THE PAPER

### FRED BECHDOLT FAVORS JIMMIE DOUD'S IDEA FOR BOWLING ALLEY

Editor, THE CYMBAL:

If you will grant me space in your paper I would like to say a few words about the idea, attributed to James Doud, of establishing a reputedly-conducted bowling alley in Carmel.

I have lived in this village for more than 30 years and have, I think, consistently tried to maintain the old simplicities. In writing this, I believe I am remaining consistent.

In former days young people of Carmel had much of their fun out in the hills and down by the river. Now the hill lands are fenced, gates are padlocked and the trend of modern amusement has changed. As things are today Carmel is lamentably lacking in recreation facilities for young people particularly. The city does not find itself able to build a recreation center. The result of such conditions is always the same, and it is bad.

Bowling, as conducted nowadays under proper auspices, is attracting big patronage in other communities and is doing a great deal of good. Alleys installed in Carmel, without beer sales and attractively kept, would undoubtedly prove as they have elsewhere, a strong aid to parents, teachers, peace officers and all others who are interested in keeping young people under decent environment.

As local laws now exist, there is a ban on bowling alleys. Should the council be asked to lift that ban—and the request be made by responsible parties with

good assurance that a proposed establishment be attractive to all classes—I suggest that council members communicate with authorities in Monterey and King City; and I am convinced they will find it wise to allow the request.

—F. R. BECHDOLT

Carmel, Feb. 4.

### Pine Inn Liquor Hearing Held

(Continued from Page One)  
was called by City Attorney Hudson and on questioning by Hudson and by McDonald the chief said that while there had been 39 arrests involving liquor in 1939, there had been 117 in 1940. He said that the present size of the police department permitted the use of only one man on parole at night and in answer to a question from the city attorney explained that when an arrest is made the lone officer must take the prisoner to the jail in Monterey, leaving no officer on duty on the streets in Carmel for the period of the trip.

Mayor Keith Evans testified that the city is in no financial condition to employ another policeman.

Mrs. Emma Otey told of having been a cook in Pine Inn when it was first opened and of the opposition of Frank Devendorf to the selling of liquor in Carmel. She grieved over the thought of liquor being sold in Pine Inn for the first time in its history.

W. K. Bassett asked the referee if the board of equalization could give no consideration to the request of the city council, representing the people of Carmel, and the members of which were elected by overwhelming majorities at the recent election. He pointed out that the Carmel community now has nine on-sale liquor places, counting the Legion Clubhouse taproom and that at the Mission Ranch Club; that this is about one to every 300 inhabitants or, eliminating children and non-drinkers, about one to every 75 drinkers. He also called attention to the proximity of three churches and the public library to the proposed location for another license, and Bernard Rowntree added the Girl Scout House to that role.

"As a matter of fact," Bassett said. "You will not be giving Carmel one more on-sale liquor license by granting the Godwin application. You will be giving us three. With liquor in Pine Inn the two other hotels—La Playa and La Ribera—will be forced to seek licenses, and no one can consistently oppose their applications."

Bassett also pointed out to the referee that Godwin's license, if granted, would not specify that he use it only at a service bar in his kitchen; that he could, if he desired, have a tap room, and that the unlimited license could be held with the property.

The stenographic report of the hearing will be presented to the board of equalization by the referee. The board may deny or grant the permit or, if it chooses, call another hearing at Sacramento.

### Sunset Menu

Monday—Cream of potato soup, string beans, cheese fondue, fruit salad, ice cream.

Tuesday—Split pea soup, corn, chicken shortcake, Waldorf salad, peach tapioca.

Wednesday—Noodle soup, artichokes, tamale loaf, pineapple-cottage cheese salad, prune cake.

Thursday—Cocoa, carrots, hamburgers, lettuce and 1000 island dressing, jello.

Friday—Cream of tomato soup, spinach, salmon loaf, deviled egg salad, apricot whip.

### 'White Cedars' Is Probably Site For City Hall

(Continued from Page One)

as Perry Newberry, Gus Englund, Frank Devendorf, Robinson Jeffers, Saldee Van Brower and Jo Mora, would be an incentive to art study here and would provide the city with pictures of town celebrities for a city hall gallery. The council members all favored the idea and will meet with a committee of artists on the matter.

#### OTHER MATTERS

The council passed a resolution granting Lansing S. Bailey a permit to build a garage on property on San Antonio street as close as six feet from the front property line. Bailey's renewed request for a four-foot privilege was denied.

Alan Campbell was granted a permit to build a garage on Casanova street six feet from the property line.

The serious situation on Scenic Drive, caused by seepage from septic tanks on one side and the pounding of heavy seas on the other, was brought up again. Mayor Keith Evans reported that the project which would construct a new retaining wall to prevent collapse of the street was still in the hands of the WPA officials at San Jose and the city expected to hear from it soon. If it is accepted by the government the city will spend only \$1,000 as its share of the cost. Because of the Fort Ord work the WPA is short of man-power and this is advanced as the reason for delay.

Councilman P. A. McCreery objects to people lighting fires on the sanddunes above the beach to the north of Ocean avenue. He says they go away leaving huge logs burning and the dunes are a mess as a result of such actions. The beach is the place for fires, he says, where the ocean reaches up every now and then and effaces the scars.

To vote at the High School bond election March 20 be sure you are registered.

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HAND CARVED WALNUT refectory table, 4 ft. x 8 ft. 3 small tables and some fine pieces of old American pressed glass. Phone Carmel 1065. (5)

STEINWAY GRAND piano, Telephone 776. (tf)

#### LOST AND FOUND

PAULINE has lost a paid of horn rimmed glasses which are important in her life and being on the absent minded side she doesn't know where to find them. If you have found a pair since last Saturday please telephone THE CYMBAL and you will be rewarded if they are the right ones. Thanks. P. M. (tf)

#### LEGAL NOTICES

#### CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL DOING BUSINESS UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME

##### KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS:

That I, the undersigned, WILLIAM IRWIN HENRY, do hereby certify:

That my name in full is WILLIAM IRWIN HENRY, and that my place of residence is Robles Del Rio, Monterey County, California;

That I am transacting business in the State of California under the fictitious name and style of ROBLES DEL RIO STORE, and that I am the sole owner and proprietor of said business; that the principal place of business is Robles Del Rio, Monterey County, California.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand this 1st day of February, 1941.

WILLIAM IRWIN HENRY  
STATE OF CALIFORNIA ) ss.  
COUNTY OF MONTEREY )

On this 1st day of February, 1941, before me, SHEL BURN ROBISON, a Notary Public in and for the County of Monterey, State of California, personally appeared William Irwin Henry, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the County of Monterey, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

SHEL BURN ROBISON  
Notary Public in and for the County of Monterey, State of California.

SHEL BURN ROBISON  
Attorney-at-Law  
Box 1686, Carmel, California.  
(Pub. 7,14,21,28)

#### NOTICE OF INTENTION TO ENGAGE IN THE SALE OF ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES

February 5, 1941

To Whom It May Concern: Notice is hereby given that fifteen days after the date posted, the undersigned proposes to sell alcoholic beverages at these premises, described as follows:

South Side Ocean Ave., Bet. Lincoln and Monte Verde, Carmel.

Pursuant to such intention, the undersigned is applying to the State Board of Equalization for issuance of an alcoholic beverage license (or licenses) for these premises as follows:

On Sale Distilled Spirits, Beer and Wine.

Anyone desiring to protest the issuance of such licenses may file a verified protest with the State Board of Equalization at Sacramento, California, stating grounds for denial as provided by law.

MARGARET MUSSER DIENELT

#### REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

CARMEL WOODS lots—Fine large building lots—over 25 to choose from 60 ft., 65 ft., 70 ft., frontages. All utilities including sewers available. Prices \$550, \$600, \$650, \$750, \$800 and on very easy monthly payments. This is the most active section of Carmel—over 35 homes have been built there this past year. See these lots before you buy. Compare them for real value and desirability. For sale by all CARMEL BROKERS or see CARMEL REALTY Company, Ocean ave. (6)

SEVEN BEAUTIFUL LOTS—In the exclusive Eighty Acres. All level. Half way between Sunset School and Carmel High School. Part of the Herman Spoehr estate. Five lots at \$1200 each. Two, on the corner of Viscaino and Crespi Lane, \$1400 each. Philip Wilson, Jr., P. O. Box E-1. Telephone 1554, or Carl Burrows, Tel. 736. (tf)

THREE BEDROOM house, Randall Way & 5th, Hatton Fields. Ready February 15; 4 bedroom & 3 bath on Ladera Drive, Mission Tract, ready February 1. Both can be bought under liberal FHA terms with monthly payments half the rental value. CARL BENSBERG, owner build. Carmel 1543. (tf)

\$2900—TWO BEDROOM redwood house, unfurnished. Bathroom, private shower and toilet. Use as one dwelling or two apartments. Two lots. Ideal investment. No agents. Write Box L89 Carmel Cymbal. (6)

EXCELLENT HOME site or investment. SW corner 12 & Camino Real. 40 x 100. Price \$1965. Terms. Phone Carmel 1185-W or address E. Phillips RFD No. 1, Box 663-B, Los Altos, Calif. (8)

BARGAIN OCEAN Ave. property and building. 25 x 130-ft. Income 10% on investment of \$25,000. \$13,000 cash down. Call Carmel 610. (tf)

SUNNY MARINE view lot. 50 x 80. Three blocks South of Ocean Ave. Easy walking distance to beach. \$1600. Call Gladys Johnston at 1200 or 149. (tf)

CARMEL VALLEY cabin site cleared for building. Private tract. 50 x 150. Close to river and Robles del Rio store. \$150 cash for quick sale. No agents. P. O. Box 988 Carmel (tf)

CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS cost little for one insertion, less per line for two, still less for three.

### A DELIGHTFUL PLACE TO LIVE

## Walker Tract

LARGER LOTS  
60 x 110 Ft.

\$1500

LOW MONTHLY TERMS

SUNNY AND WARM

EASY WALK TO  
SHOPPING CENTER  
OR  
TO THE BEACH

ALL UTILITIES  
AVAILABLE

LOANS FOR HOMES

CARMEL REALTY  
COMPANY  
Ocean Avenue  
Or any Carmel Broker

### Business Directory

PAINTING •  
• DECORATING  
Finest Workmanship and  
Materials  
WALTER REED  
Telephone 1468

DR. T. GRANT PHILLIPS  
Chiropractor  
Colonic Irrigations  
Loidig Apts., Delorest Street

Boarding: Stripping: Bathing  
THE ORIGINAL  
DEL MONTE KENNELS  
Pedigreed Puppies for Sale  
J. A. West, Owner  
Telephone 5237, Monterey, Cal.

Carmel Transfer  
G. E. YOUNG  
General Trucking, Concrete  
Work Contracting  
Fourth and Mission, Tel. 124  
If no answer, please call 16-B-11

FIREWOOD  
TOP SOIL - FERTILIZER  
WE DELIVER  
C. F. HASKELL  
Tel. 1208-W P. O. Box 1056

THOBURNS  
Sound Stock Insurance  
P. A. McCREERY  
Insurance Manager  
Tel. 333, Box 148

A. D. H. CO.  
Heating & Plumbing  
Sheet Metal & Electrical Work  
Gas Appliances  
San Carlos and Fifth: Tel. 776



## Sade's Restaurant Sold to Dienelts

Bert and Margaret Dienelt bought Sade's. Here's the story.

Twenty years ago, when Margaret Musser was in her teens, she wanted more than anything else in the world a little shop of her own on Ocean avenue. She got it. It was a Chinese shop and she sold jewelry in it and choice bits of lingerie and other oddments.

Then love entered her life and she followed its beckoning finger, returning five years ago as Mrs. Margaret Heebner with her two children, Peggy and "Skipper." She built a home on the Walker Tract, joined the Carmel Woman's Club and did all the usual things that people do when they plan to make a spot their permanent home.

But she still wanted a little place of her own on Ocean avenue!

Bert Dienelt, who married Margaret Heebner two years ago, (first in Juarez, Mexico, in May, then in Reno in July just for good measure) came to Carmel from Burlingame where he had the Packard agency. Once upon a time he had the management of the Fairmont Hotel in Washington, D.C. On the Peninsula he's been selling Buicks, but both he and Mrs. Dienelt have been keeping an ear open and an eye cocked for—guess what—a little place of their own on Ocean avenue!

When they heard Sade's was on the market it rang a bell. It was right for them. They had to do some pretty fancy hustling to get it, however, because Milt Latham was as illusive as a subdeb. He wanted to sell it, and yet he didn't want to sell it. They finally resorted to what practically amounted to a bald case of kidnapping. They finally coaxed Milt into their Buick and drove him to San Francisco, keeping him there under observation for four days until all the necessary papers could be signed. You see, they were taking no chances on having something happen that everyone in Carmel was praying wouldn't happen, i.e., having Sade's bought by strangers.

The opening was last Saturday. Mrs. Dienelt reigned graciously above stairs; Bert, as "mine host," flitted hither and yon with the velvet glove and the heart-warming smile. And that is how it will be from now on. Paul Swanson, thank God, will still rule the bar. The same cook that has made Sade's only and always Sade's will still maintain rigid discipline in the kitchens.

And there are innovations: hangover breakfasts each day from 11 o'clock until noon; business luncheons for men and women between the hours of noon and 2 o'clock; dinner served as usual. A la carte served each night from 10 o'clock until 2 in the morning.

It's all, it seems to us, good cause for rejoicing. —M. W.

## LAW WOULD OPEN RIVER TO STEELHEAD FISHING

Carmel River would be open to steelhead fishing for the ten miles from its mouth to Los Laureles if a bill introduced by Senator E. H. Tinkle goes through the state legislature. The bill is sponsored by the Monterey Peninsula Sportsmen's Protective Association.

Be sure you are registered so you can vote at the High School bond election March 20. Tomorrow is the last day to register.

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## "The Letter," Starring Bette Davis, at Carmel Theatre Sunday; "Tugboat Annie Sails Again" Is There Now

"Tugboat Annie Sails Again," starring Marjorie Rambeau as Tugboat Annie Brennan is at the Carmel Theatre tonight and tomorrow. This is the Saturday Evening Post's rowdy story of a skipper-in-skirts, and with her is the merriest crew that ever hove into port with a cargo full of fun! Alan Hale plays the part of Capt. Horatio Bullwinkle; Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan are the sweethearts. Miss Rambeau takes up the title role of Annie where the late and beloved Marie Dressler left her.

Beginning Sunday and continuing through Tuesday the Warner Bros. picturization of Somerset Maugham's supreme dramatic success, "The Letter,"

starring Bette Davis, comes to this screen. Katharine Cornell played it on the stage.

"The Letter," pronounced by newspaper critics and audiences alike to be the finest of all Miss Davis' pictures, is the story of a woman who murders for love, and the consequences she suffers, even though the law acquits her. A searching drama, directed with delicacy and restraint by Willis M. Wyler, and brilliantly acted by Miss Davis and a strong supporting cast, it has been selected by Red Book magazine as the best picture of the month. Herbert Marshall and James Stephenson are in the cast, as well as Frieda Inescort and Gale Sondergaard.

## Series of Piano Concerts for Children Planned by Anna Grant Dall

A novel musical in the form of a series of piano concerts planned especially for children, with music from the young people's repertoire, is being planned by Anna Grant Dall, the first of which will be given at 11 o'clock on Saturday morning Feb. 14 at La Ribera Hotel.

Miss Dall feels that the dignity of a properly balanced program of music which is accessible to a child's musical understanding and played by a pianist who patterns the work on the level of juvenile comprehension is bound to appeal to almost any child who has any musical tendencies, whatsoever. She has been laying a careful foundation for her first recital and promises a program of musical selections full of color and variety which she believes will be particularly inter-

esting and enjoyable to young people of all ages.

In her first concert, Miss Dall will concern herself with piano dances and will follow the history of the dance by first playing the work in its original setting, then by giving a modern transcription of it in order to show that the foundation of good modern music and the earlier classics is one and the same thing.

These Saturday morning concerts will be open to everyone with a charge of 25 cents for children and 52 cents for adults. Miss Dall may be reached by telephone (977-J) and will be glad to tell Peninsula teachers and music students more about her initial concert. Also, some idea of attendance would be appreciated by her and would help in her preparations.

## TOE-HEEL CLUB STARTS WITH MEN SCARCE

Men were at a premium on Monday evening at the organization meeting of the Toe-Heel Club, a new class in modern and folk dancing offered by the Carmel Adult School. But the nine men who were present seemed to like the idea. It is even doubtful if they would welcome a large influx of gay young blades, though the women might feel differently.

Instruction was divided between the basic steps of the tango, rhumba and conga, and the stately grace of the schottische and Virginia reel. Miss Leila Gilmert asked for a vote on the starting time, and 7:30 proved the popular hour. The place is the lunch room at Sunset school Monday evenings.

Tomorrow—Saturday—is the last chance to register.

## HERON'S CLASS READING RUSSIAN COMEDY

Nikolay Gogol's comedy, "The Government Inspector," is being read by the play-reading class conducted by Bert Heron in the library at Sunset School on Tuesday and Friday evenings at 8 o'clock. Heron expresses great delight with this particular play, calling it "The greatest of Russian comedies and one of the great comedies of the world."

## CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SERVICES

In all Christian Science churches, branches of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass., a Lesson-Sermon will be read Sunday, February 9, on the subject "Spirit."

The Golden Text will be: "If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit." (Galatians 5:25).

## CARMEL MUSIC SOCIETY

Presents

## SYLVIA LENT

AMERICAN VIOLINIST

TOMORROW, SATURDAY, FEB. 8 at 8:30  
SUNSET SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

Tickets on sale at THORNBURN, 11 to 5 daily, beginning Feb. 27—Telephone 62 or 22  
75c, \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00, tax exempt



## Seventh Annual Bach Festival Has Its First Summons

The Seventh Annual Carmel Bach Festival has its first summons! The Bach Festival Chorus will rehearse for the first time this year Tuesday evening, Feb. 11, at 7:30 o'clock in the music room of Sunset auditorium. Sopranos, altos, tenors and basses will be welcomed. The "old guard" will be given a special welcome, and anyone interested in singing in the Festival, who can qualify, is invited to join the Festival Chorus.

Carmel's Adult School of Education has graciously arranged for the preliminary rehearsals with Charles Fulkerson in charge. Fulkerson is one of the best musical talents of San Jose State College and already has a reputation in San Jose for his fine training and conducting of "Naughty Marietta," which the Light Opera Association put on a few weeks ago. He is an excellent pianist and a serious student of Bach, and he is studying conducting with Gastone Usigli, conductor of the Festival.

Festival dates have been set

by Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous for July 21 to 27. Inquiries regarding it have already been received from Washington, Oregon and other out-of-state areas.

## SANTA CRUZ MAN NOW HEADS SCOUT COUNCIL

Bert B. Snyder, of Santa Cruz is the newly-elected president of the Monterey Bay Area council, Boy Scouts of America. He succeeds Sheldon L. Gilmer, of Pacific Grove, who held this office during the last two years.

Snyder is a prominent attorney and former State senator. He is active in civic affairs and has been a member of the local scout council for the last three years. The Monterey Bay Area council consists of three counties—Monterey, San Benito and Santa Cruz. For economy of administration, there is only one office for the three counties, located in Salinas because it is geographically in the center of the area.

Carmel members on the executive board: Capt. Shelburn Robison, Jack Schroeder and Everett Smith.

You can register at Stanifords or Thorburns.

FOR IN-TOWN CHIC  
and out-of-town comfort

WITH *Ann Sutton*  
in "Cruisebark"  
FROCKS  
Exclusive with us!



Style 712 — Ann Sutton goes right on creating new fashions for you to wear everywhere! These "Cruisebark" frocks of Argentine warm glowing colors, a new wonder rayon fabric is crisp and crunchy, crease-resistant and washes beautifully. They're animated frocks, stitched with decorative genius. It's one of many equally irresistible in our new season Ann Sutton collection. Light blue, Gaucho green, Pampas brown, Tango gold, White. Sizes 12-20. (A\* NATIONAL FABRIC)

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## HOLMAN'S

We Give S. & H. GREEN STAMPS  
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